

DEBS

and the Poets



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SAN DIEGO

To Florence J. Hall,
In grateful recollection
of her loyal devotion
and her steadfast adherence
to the cause, and with all
affectionate regards and
warmest wishes for her
success

Ernest P. Debs

Terre Haute, Ind.

September, 1924

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DEBS AND THE
POETS

DEBS AND THE POETS

Edited by
RUTH LE PRADE

With an Introduction by
UPTON SINCLAIR

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BY
RUTH LE PRADE

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(To E. V. D.)

BY WITTER BYNNER

Nine six five three,
Numbers heard in heaven,
Numbers whispered breathlessly,
Mystical as seven,
Numbers lifted among stars
To acclaim and hail
Another heart behind the bars,
Another God in jail,
Tragic in their symmetry,
Crucified and risen,
Nine six five three,
From Atlanta Prison.

INTRODUCTION

THE United States has an old man in prison in the Federal Penitentiary of Atlanta. The government regards this old man as a common felon, and treats him as such; shaves his head, puts a prison suit upon him, feeds him upon prison food, and locks him in a steel-barred cell fourteen consecutive hours out of each twenty-four.

But it appears that there are a great many people in the United States and other countries who do not regard this old man as a common felon; on the contrary, they regard him as a hero, a martyr, even a saint. It appears that the list of these people includes some of the greatest writers and the greatest minds of Europe and America. These persons have been moved to indignation by the treatment of the old man and they have expressed their indignation. Ruth Le Prade has had the idea of collecting their utterances. Here are poems by twenty-four poets, and letters from a score or two of other writers.

If you do not know 'Gene Debs, you may be interested to read what such men have written about him. If you do know him and love him—everyone who knows him loves him, even his jailers—you will find this little book of use in opening the eyes of others. The compiler of

the book has given her services without royalty, and the publisher gives his without profit. Everything over the actual cost of printing and mailing the book will go to advertising it, as part of the campaign now being conducted by those Americans who wish their country to return to its old traditions of freedom of speech and of the press, and to abandon the evil custom of jailing men for expression of opinion.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

From H. G. WELLS

"Liberty Enlightening the World" and behind it Debs in prison. I cannot understand America, and I am afraid to come over and examine the paradox on the spot. I visited McQueen in Trenton in 1906, and it kind of gave me a shyness of America—being something of a radical myself.

From GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

(By cable to the New York Call.)

Clearly the White House is the only safe place for an honest man like Debs.

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EUGENE

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Standing like a shaft of light,
Cloud by day and fire by night,
For the thing you think is right,
Dominating all your scene,
None may daunt you, brave Eugene!

We may bind and make you mute,
We may stripe you in the suit
Of the meanest felon. Aye,
We may scourge and crucify,
But your soul, sublime, serene,
Who can crucify, Eugene?

Nay, I am not of your Cause
I hold firm we dare not pause,
Till we sear the fangs and claws
Of the Beast; that Devil's own
Squatting on the Potsdam throne.

Yet, altho' I flout your clan,
Tho' I disbelieve your plan,
Answer me who will or can—
Who out-mans you as a Man?

Humble, homely, lank and lean,
Heart unveiled and conscience clean,
Kindly-minded, clear and keen;
Pomp and Pilates seem but mean
Shadowed by your soul, Eugene.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN AT ATLANTA

BY PERCY MACKAYE

Three guardsmen share the cell where Debs is
bound—

John Brown, Abe Lincoln and Lloyd Garrison.
Old John he says: "My body's underground,

But still I guess my soul goes marching on."
And William Lloyd, baring his throat, says he:

"Here's where they aimed a noose at my neck-
bone;

But now in Boston where they sculpture me

No gibbet hangs my effigy in stone."

Then Abe he says, while his wan wrinkles crack

A pensive, patient smile, says he: "Friend
Debs,

Once more a man of peace must bear the rack

Until the rolling tide of rancor ebbs,

And ignorance try once more to silence one

Who dares to pray aloud—*Malice toward none!*"

DEBS, THE FIGHTER

BY MURRAY E. KING

He fights as one who feels the hurt,
The hurt that he perforce must deal;
He strikes as one who feels that he
Must deal the blow that he must feel;
The tender Debs I see alway—
The looming figure of a man at bay.

A man at bay, who still must fight
And serve the cause by thrust and blow—
The cause that bids him thrust and strike,
In spite of tenderness of foe,
And makes him love the foe he strikes,
And take the pain of every blow.

I see his tender, pitying hands,
Outstretching for the hearts of men;
I feel the pleading of his voice,
The tragedy of love and pain;
Of faith so strong, of heart so good—
Herald of dawn and brotherhood.

THEM FLOWERS

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(To My Good Friend, Eugene V. Debs)

"Take a feller 'ats sick and laid up on the shelf,
 All shaky, and ga'nted and pore,
 And all so knocked out he can't handle hisself
 With a stiff upper lip any more;
 Shet him up all alone in the gloom of a room,
 As dark as the tomb, and as grim,
 And then take and send him some roses in bloom,
 And you kin have fun out o' him!

You've seed him, 'fore now, when his liver was
 sound,
 And his appetite notched like a saw,
 A chaffin' you, mebbe, for romancin' round
 With a big posey bunch in yer paw;
 But you ketch him, say, when his health is away,
 And he's flat on his back in distress,
 And then you can trot out your little bokay
 And not be insulted, I guess!

You see, it's like this, what his weaknesses is,
 Them flowers makes him think of the days
 Of his innocent youth, and that mother o' his,
 And the roses she used to raise;
 So here all alone with the roses you send,
 Bein' sick and all trimbly and faint;
 My eyes is—my eyes is—my eyes is—old friend,
 Is a leakin'—I'm blamed ef they ain't!"

TO EUGENE DEBS

BY S. A. DE WITT

If you must go,
Dragged by the mad tide's undertow,
We will not sit like mourners at a wake;
No Woe will rend, nor will a heartstring break;
For those who followed you in glad belief,
Have learned how one can grow
Too glorious for grief.

Proud will we sing
The red anthem of your conquering,
Content that men have made no prison hole
So dark that it could dim
The radiance of your soul.

THE GARLAND FOR DEBS

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER

Here, in our easy-chairs, we sit and choose
Words for a garland woven of our praise;
The fluent metaphor, the striking phrase,
Inserted gracefully, are what we use. . . .
And there he stands, and silently reviews
The bitter-scented nights, the flowerless days,
Thinking of all the many little ways
A man may win all that he seems to lose.

And then—this verbal wreath perfumed
. . . . precise—
Pathetic incongruity. . . . It adorns
A head too scarred and knotted to be nice.
This floral tribute prettifies the scorns
And outrage. Something plainer should suffice—
Some simple, patriotic crown of thorns.

"MORNIN', 'GENE!"

BY WALTER HURT

When a chap has lost his grip,
An' Fate has 'im on the hip,
Er he's trekked the trails o' sin
Till his feet are tangled in
Tribbellation's toughest webs,
What he needs is Eugene Debs
To reorganize 'im, fer
'Gene's the champyin comferter.
At sich times, ef he should meet
Debs a-comin' down the street,
Then the clouds o' trouble roll
From his over-shaddered soul,
An' the skies are all serene
As he murmurs, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

As a docter fer our grief,
'Gene is prompt to give relief.
An' he allus, when a pore
Feller's spirit's worn an' sore,
Diagnoses double-quick
That his heart is shorely sick;
An' he has the kindest way,
While the things that he will say
Are the gentlest ever heard,
An' there's healin' in each word
As it hits the ailin' place,
Like a dose o' savin' grace,
Till yer pain's fergotten clean
An' ye holler, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

When yer lips fergit to smile,
'Gene kin fully rickoncile
Feelin's that are torture-tost;
All yer sorrers then are lost
In the grasp o' that great hand
Whose impulse we understand,
Reached frum love's unfathomed pit—
An' the uttermost of it.
Fer his greetin's plant perfume
Till a garden seems to bloom
In Life's desert of despair,
Spreadin' sweetness ever'where,
An' we glimpse oases green
While we answer, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

In the hearts of other men
It is ALLUS mornin' when
Debs kin cheer 'em on their way
With a lovin' hand, an' lay
All his hopes before their feet
Like a path o' promise, sweet
With the flowers o' faith an' strength
Blossomin' along its length
Though the journey leads 'em soon
To life's fadin' afternoon.
An' I hope at heaven's gate,
Should I reach it ruther late,
As I peep the bars between,
Thus to greet 'im, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

DEBS

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Four great lovers rose in America. . . .
One was hung:
One was shot:
One lived in solitude:
And one was jailed. . . .

* * *

The prairies, the valleys and the mountains of
the ages are remembered because of
great lovers who were there. . . .
Drums and flags lay the Caesars to rest,
But the muffled drums roll by, dying, and we let
them die. . . .
When the great lover dies, in silence,
His grave becomes the fragrant mouth of an
ever-swelling song:
These are the songs by which we live,
These are the suns that shine on us, stars and
moons that sprinkle our nights,
Winds of reviving May, rains of dry sum-
mer. . . .

* * *

'Gene Debs, this fragment song for you,
Living great lover through whom America lives.

TO EUGENE DEBS

BY JOHN COWPER POWYS

Away with him! He utters the word "Love."
Dark-souled incendiary, madman forlorn,
He dares to put humanity above
Discretion. Better never have been born
Than thus to have offended! Learn, good brother,
That Love and Pity are forgotten fables
Told by the drowsy years to one another
With nothing in them to supply our tables.
These are the days of hungry common sense.
Millions of men have died to bring these
days;
And more must die ere these good days go
hence;
For God moves still in most mysterious ways.
Ah Debs, Debs, Debs, you are out-weighed, out-
priced,
These are the days of Caesar, not of Christ—
And yet—suppose—when all was done and said
There *were* a Resurrection from the Dead!

THE HEART IN JAIL

BY CLEMENT WOOD

Once there was a carpenter,
A Nazarene.
Ancient, godly rich men
Picked him clean.
Folks say that Jesus
Suffered like 'Gene.

Martyred, murdered Jesus
Had to face
Pilate. . . . Judas. . . .
Not the harsher race
Of godly modern rich men
In their ruling place.

Martyred, murdered Jesus
Had to be
Spat upon and tortured,
And hung on a tree. . . .
He was spared a Federal
Penitentiary!

Three bloody days—and
Hammer and nail
Ended his pitiful,
Painful tale. . . .
'Gene's body's rotting
Still in jail.

And the heart of Jesus
 Sickened and died.
But the heart of 'Gene Debs
 Buried inside
Grows like a hill flower,
 Swells like a tide—

Swells like a vast tide
 Out of the sea,
Bringing weary slave-men
 Victory!
Ending ancient horror,
 Setting man free!

DEBS THE DREAMER

BY ELLIS B. HARRIS

A dreamer? Yes, a dreamer, but
 His dreams are all for you;
He dreams the dreams that nations dream,
 And nations' dreams come true;
He dreams the dreams that sowers dream
 When sun and rain assure
A field of silken-tasseled corn
 From seed that must mature.
His ship sails on a sunlit sea—
 A tide that never ebbs—
For country, home and liberty,
 Come voyage on with Debs.

DEBS IS A FRIEND

BY LINCOLN PHIFER

Some call him great; but greater than that is—
Than fame, or place, or deed that has no
end—

Debs has a glory brighter than all this—
He is a friend.

Some call him good; but better than the best,
Than haloed truth none love or comprehend,
Is his warm pulse beat and his “infinite zest”—
He is a friend.

Some call him wise, but wiser than all else
His instinct is, which flashes to the end,
Warming the soul till all discordance melts—
He is a friend.

Some call him eloquent; that is but part,
The lesser part, though to it all things bend;
He weeps and laughs with us—more than all
art—
He is a friend.

Not my friend only, but the friend of all;
Debs fills the word that fills the world—will
spend
Himself for any, though with faintest call—
He is a friend.

EUGENE V. DEBS

BY JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN

If he had wept and kissed the hand that smote;
If he, the rebel, had inclined the knee,
And cried, "I yield me to your gracious mercy!
Spare but my freedom and I sin no more"—
We might have pardoned him his grievous
 crime.

But, lo! he stood erect and unsubdued,
And flung defiance from his three score years:
"I yield not till oppression's self shall yield;
I ask no freedom till the world is free;
I crave no mercy till the prison door
Swings out for all the thousands you have
 bound!"

If he had cringed and kissed the hand that
 smote,
We might have pardoned him his grievous
 crime.

'GENE IN PRISON

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

When 'Gene went into prison,
 Head high and heart afire,
The bolts were turned upon him
 By men with souls for hire.

Oh, 'Gene, where were we then who stood
 So often in the rain,
Waiting for doors to open up,
 To hear your voice again?

We babblers, who made loud applause
 To listen to the words
You flung aloft so generously,
 Like flocks of eager birds!

We walk the land free men today;
 Our carpet is the grass,
Our ceiling is the endless sky,
 Our walls the winds that pass.

But you who spoke for all of us,
 So steadfast and serene,
So haloed with the rebels' fire,
 So simple, and so keen,

You menace to the common wrong,
 You harbinger of right—
The hireling men have throttled you,
 Hysterical with fright.

But still they cannot sleep of nights;
The cell is all too small,
The bars too feeble in their clutch,
Too thin the narrow wall.

Your lean, gaunt body, that is theirs;
But, trembling, they can see
Your unchained spirit walk abroad,
Magnificently free!

You walk abroad with Liebknecht,
You two whom none could bind;
And Comrade Jesus walks beside;
And we—we throng behind.

THE OLD AGITATOR

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

So they could do it after all. . . .
 They locked him up. . . . the good old man. . . .
 Behind the grated window and the wall. . . .
 Stole in upon his sick-bed whisked him off
 Before the rumor and the wrath began. . . .
 Without one woodland flower of early spring
 Pressed to his big palm by some workman's
 child.

And said the honest warden, welcoming:
 "You're rather rangy, Mr. Debs, and tall". . . .
 Embarrassed by a momentary cough. . . .
 "But we will fit you out as best we can."
 And the great Proletarian
 He straightened up and smiled.

Ten years. . . . so let it be. . . . He was not
 wise. . . .
 Well shut he would not could not
 keep
 Those lips, close-shorn and thin,
 Below those keen unflinching eyes,
 And just above the unbearded fighting chin.
 Those lips with furrows either side so deep
 From mirth and sorrow and unresting sleep.
 And so they deemed it fit
 He learn (like Jeremiah) silence in a pit.

So let it be. . . . a state must have firm laws
And watchful citizens that balk
Against a wagging tongue. . . .
And one grown gray and gaunt with too much
 talk,
Who has long since forgotten when to pause,
Or how to please,
May trip at last. . . . even in democracies. . . .
And chiefly, if he tamper with the young,

And worship, not the old divinities. . . .
And when the charge is read him, clause by
 clause,
And he replies with scanty penitence,
He'll find (as found that worthy man
At whose incessant lips once Athens took offense)
The gentry of his latter audience
Most ominously niggard of applause. . . .
And though even then he talk as talk he
 can. . . .
He lights (like Socrates) on no defense. . . .
Except reiteration of his cause.

So be it. . . . his was fair trial and due appeal
Under those just, majestic guarantees
That give the stars-and-stripes their destinies
Over a free (but ordered) common-weal!
That incorruptible and austere court
Of old men to this old man made report:
They made report, this row of staunch patri-
 cians,
Unto the bald, lone, tall man of the plebs;
They bore no grudge, they took no gold,

They may have loved him. . . . for they too
were old;

But, seated in their ancient nine positions,
They sealed the prison sunset-years for
Debs. . . .

As vindicators of those stern traditions
That tore from black Dred Scott his freeman's
shirt,
And locked free child in factory dark and dirt.

So let it be. . . . there's nothing for sur-
prise. . . .

The thing's so old so wearisomely
grim. . . .

Nothing for grief . . . except the shame. . . .

Grieve for the nation, not for him. . . .

For he has but begun his enterprise,

And in this silence finds the lips of flame.

THE MARTYR

(ANONYMOUS)

Ye have made martyrs for me,
Gods of the false and true;
Ye have set great souls free
And lighted our lamps anew!
Ye and your priests have killed
Those who defied your ranks;
I drink of the blood ye have spilled—
I drink and I give you thanks!

Down through the centuries, strung
On crucifix, gibbet and pyre,
Your scarlet pictures are hung
Of those who have dared your fire!
The Christ, with His hands outthrust—
His dead by the Tiber's banks—
And now the arena is dust,
For the Martyr I give you thanks!

For every heretic burned,
For every heart ye have split,
For every key ye have turned,
A million lamps have ye lit!
And, lo! as the cities that flame
Where the blackened streams have their
banks,
So your dead call us each by name—
For the Martyr I give you thanks!

Has your crucifix murdered Christ?
Have your jails swallowed up one dream?
Have Spain and the stake sufficed
To darken one lamplight's gleam?
I give you the world today;
Will ye gaze on the age-long ranks?
Is it Christ, is it Debs, ye would slay?
For the Martyr I give you thanks!

HERE COMES A MAN

BY GEORGE BICKNELL

Here comes a man with one free call;
He shouts aloud nor does he fear
The foolish threat or deafened ear;
Nor does he heed who would enthrall.

Here comes a man with love for men,
As pure and broad as boundless space;
He gathers light from every race,
And sheds it on the World again.

His joy is not alone for self;
His life makes glad some whom he meets
By turning bitter gall to sweets
And shaming every show of self.

Here comes a man whose like is rare;—
A kindred heart for hearts that bleed:
A refuge in dark hours of need:
A burdened World his greatest care.

Then hail to him who loves so well;
The Brother of the poor, the Friend
Of them that labor without end,
And hail the Dawn he dares foretell!

DEBS ON TRIAL

(ANONYMOUS)

He stood apart in that great room,
Enveloped in the silent gloom,
While all around expectantly,
The court throng waited for his plea.

With head erect, superb he stood,
Whose thoughts were for the common good,
Accused, yet not with manner cowed,
He faced, serene, the restless crowd.

He spoke, whose "base disloyalty"
Was love of all humanity.
A giant soul from whom no bars
Could shut the glim'ring of the stars.

On trial! Accused! Maligned! What for?
Because he stood opposed to war;
Because he loved mankind too well
To have them tossed into war's hell.

Not his the guilt nor his the crime,
Whose purposes were so sublime;
No, they who failed to comprehend
In public conscience stand condemned.

TO EUGENE DEBS

BY SARA BARD FIELD

A thousand centuries to come smile back on you.
Already, Debs, they gravely carve your seat
High on the rocks of Time where the defiant few
Of all the ages meet
And hold high converse to the beat
Of the stern sea below, drowning the millions
who
Have crucified their Christs, nor ever knew
The bleeding brow and feet.

No, Debs, I cannot think of you in prison,
Although I know they hold your body there.
But always, as when you shot to me a vision,
Bending above the crowd whose hungry stare
Made you compassionate, and yet so wise
In your compassion. Rarely to a man
Is given the sensitive heart that feels Love's
pain, the eyes
That hold Love's tears, and Mind to make the
Plan
By which Love may appear in something more
Than merely sops and pity for the Poor.

We are the lonely ones—we who confess
The Truth that jailed you, but have not been
found

Worthy to suffer for it. All brave loveliness
Of human life has taken camping ground
In cells like yours
And all the cowards and complaisant bores,
The cruel, selfish, dull and ignorant mass,
Are left outside with us who have no prison pass.

I like to think that long before you paid
The price of prison for the right to love,
You seemed to us like Jesus, and you made
Many a tale from ancient Galilee
Rise from the printed page in warm reality:
“Of such as these are the Kingdom of Heaven—”
You know that scene well, Debs, when Christ
was given
The little children whom he loved; and knew
Must build what only Innocence can do—

Well, once in Cleveland, when I heard you
speak,
I sat upon the platform with my little son
Upon my lap, and when your speech was done
You turned and laid your big hand on his cheek
And said “My friend, such lads as this
Must finish what we old folks have begun—”
The crowd was surging round you but a kiss
You reverently gave him—Debs, that little lad
Cherished till death the words that you had said
And loved to think your hand had touched his
head.

MY BIG BROTHER 'GENE

BY GUY BOGART

I hail you, 'Gene,
Grand old gray warrior,
Poet prophet
Of labor and liberty.

Companion gift with Jim Riley
Of pregnant Hoosier soil to the world.
With Emerson, Lincoln, Whitman,
You take your place in humanity's processional
of prophets.

Your life is a triumphant hymn set to music of
service;
From your lips flow reminiscent beauties,
Spun from golden memory-threads of love and
service.
You clasped my hand and I thrilled as at touch
of a sweetheart;
The love of all humanity surges through your
handclasp—
Yours is the universal passion, the far-visioned
perception of the prophet.

O the agony of your stooped shoulders,
Bowed by burdens borne for your brothers.
You stand and reach those long arms as though
To gather to your mighty heart every worker.
Unstinted, ceaseless love,
Poured out upon your comrades—

Here is the soul of the ages,
Heart of humanity,
Vision of the seer;
O mover of mighty forces,
Voice of the proletariat,
My Neighbor, Brother, Comrade!

A FRAGMENT

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT

Imprisoned—

He who would speak but to bless,
Whose hands would rebuild the world
In the love and the beauty of Christ. . . .

Lover and neighbor
In every cell of his brain,
Lover and neighbor
In every act of his life. . . .

Dear Comrade, whom our wisdom honors,
Whom our hearts love,
When the Human Beauty is builded,
Its walls ashine
With the fair and lovely faces of comrades,
Its dome showing the stars
The blue skies and bright suns
Of the love behind our love,
Your name will show high
With its heroes and saints,
Its servants and martyrs;
And one who has ached
In each pang of its building
And sung in each lifted stone
Will call out your name, "Eugene,"
Sweet as your mother once called it,
"'Gene! 'Gene!"
More cheerful than playmates called it,
"'Gene! 'Gene!"

Come up here beside me,
For you are worthy,
Inasmuch as you did
Your good deeds of love
To the least of my brethren,
My toilers and poor—
Come up here beside me,
For it was for such as you
My father laid the foundations of His earth
In justice, in mercy, in love.”

And the brakeman of Terre Haute
And the Carpenter of Nazareth
Will sit together at the Feast of Love
In the Human Temple Beautiful;
And our hearts will be glad to see them to-
gether.

TRIBUTES TO DEBS

FROM CARL SANDBURG

We do not have to go to France for the best soul of France. We have only to go to our federal prison in Atlanta if we wish to meet a living incarnation, a living human flame, of all the France which spoke through Victor Hugo and which earlier was the inspiration of Tom Jefferson and Ben Franklin.

An ignorant government in America has locked up 'Gene Debs as an ignorant government in France exiled Hugo to a sea island. The incarceration of Debs took place after the armistice and after the President spoke to the Congress saying, "Thus the war comes to an end."

The head of a mountain eagle—a lean trajectory of a physical figure—a long, bony, quivering finger with terrific affirmations of what The People can do any time they get a dream of doing—a face that registers social passion and personal prayer—this is 'Gene Debs, caged, barred, effectually shackled in a federal prison in Atlanta.

"What can they do to me? I've lived and seen everything; now I'm sixty-three years old and just a lot of bones with skin stretched over

them." So Debs spoke to a lawyer before his trial.

The holding of Debs, caged, barred, effectually shackled in our national hoosegow in Georgia draws commentary not so much on the plight of Debs—he can stand it—as on the nation. To a nation that speaks in a Christ vocabulary, we might almost say, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, then how great is that darkness."

FROM JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands
 And jest holds out in his two hands
 As warm a heart as ever beat
 Betwixt here and the Judgment Seat.

FROM SARA N. CLEGHORN

I wish, when the coat wears out that Eugene Debs wore at his trial, I could have a little piece of it to keep in my Bible.

FROM ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

"Eugene V. Debs is a great man. With a few more such to teach and organize the people the cause of justice must prevail."

FROM SIEGFRIED SASSOON

I do not know Eugene Debs but I honor his name, and loathe the system which has persecuted him.

FROM EDWARD CARPENTER

It is a splendid idea to put up Eugene Debs for President. He is about the best man in America. All success to him!

FROM ISRAEL ZANGWILL

I regret exceedingly that though I am constantly coming upon references to the martyrdom of Eugene V. Debs, I do not know what particular act of righteousness has landed him in gaol. But from the admiration which he has excited in the breasts of many Americans whom I admire, I have an uneasy suspicion that he ought to change places with his judges.

FROM LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Eugene Debs is only known to me through his influence on others. I take stock of the people who love him; and the people who hate him; and both alike are the best possible guarantee that he is a rare man of worth. I congratulate his haters on having given him so clear a certificate, and his lovers on having so good and proved a friend.

FROM HELEN KELLER

You dear comrade! I have long loved you because you are an apostle of brotherhood and freedom. For years I have thought of you as a dauntless explorer going towards the dawn; and, like a humble adventurer, I have followed in the trail of your footsteps. From time to time the greetings that have come back to me from you have made me very happy; and now I reach out my hand and clasp yours through prison bars.

FROM EUGENE FIELD

'Gene Debs is the most lovable man I ever knew. His heart is as gentle as a woman's and as fresh as a mountain brook. If Debs were a priest the world would listen to his eloquence, and that gentle, musical voice and sad, sweet smile of his would soften the hardest heart.

FROM HORACE TRAUBEL

The four letters that spell Debs have added a new vocabulary to the race. Debs is not so much size as quality. He has ten hopes to your one hope. He has ten loves to your one love. When Debs speaks a harsh word it is wet with tears.

FROM EDWIN MARKHAM

Eugene V. Debs! This is one of the greatest names of the great names of the country. No one—not even a political enemy—has ever said that Debs is not sincere to the core of his heart. It is an event to meet this courageous friend of man. The grasp of his hand is comforting, the look at his lighted face is an inspiration. In that one look you are taken into the door of his home, seated at his table, warmed at his chimney-fire.

FROM MAX EASTMAN

His spirit is more beautiful than anything I have seen in any man of my time. His genius is for love—the ancient, real love, the miracle love, that utterly identifies itself with the emotions and the needs and wishes of others. That is why it is a sacrament to meet him, to have that warm rapier-like attention concentrated on you for a moment. And that is why Debs has so much greater power than many who are more astute and studious of the subtleties of politics and oratory. And that is why Debs was convicted of a crime—he was convicted because he could not open his mouth without declaring his solidarity and inward identity with his comrades who are in prison.

Debs is the sweetest strong man in the world. He is a poet, and even more gifted of poetry in private speech than in public oratory. Every instant and incident of life is keen and sacred to him.

From JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Through all the ages, there runs the noble line of the prophets and saviors of mankind—the men who have heroically dared every peril, made every sacrifice, suffered every pain and ignominy for the sake of truth, justice and liberty. Eugene V. Debs has in our time won his place in this great succession. Kindest, gentlest, bravest of men, his name is already taking on that golden lustre which belongs only to those who love their kind, and give all in their behalf.

From OWEN R. LOVEJOY

I will tell you the trouble with you, 'Gene—you came on earth too soon. We aren't ready for you yet. You are as premature as Lincoln was, or Huss, or Wycliffe, or Jesus.

From JOHN SWINTON

I "took" to Lincoln in my early life as I "took" to Debs in my declining years. Lincoln spoke for men, women and children, for right and progress, for the freedom of labor, and so spoke Debs. Lincoln was the foe of human slavery, so was Debs. Lincoln was called the "Illinois baboon," the "nigger-lover," and Debs is called "the anarchist," the "undesirable citizen." Lincoln declared: "Liberty before poverty; the man before the dollar," and Debs repeated it, and re-echoes it to this hour.

FROM CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Eugene Debs is a good American citizen as well as a good Socialist, and a man beloved by all who know him. To punish such a social servant for standing by his principles is a historic mistake—the world has made many such.

FROM GEORGE F. HIBNER

After weeks and weeks of the dark, echoing mine; after long days of burning and smothering dust of the fields, and the tramp through long ways seeking a "job," we sit here listening to Debs, and it seems that the doors of the sky are opened and universe-music poured forth. The future has taken from next her heart one of her treasures—and we are meeting Debs.

Debs comes and calls us: "It is time to go! It is time to quit selling the days and years of our lives to those who use them for profit! It is time to BE MEN! It is time to LIVE!" And almost we find ourselves marching to new music; almost we find ourselves with the gathering crowd looking toward the East for the new days. We too, have dreams; we, too, have a purpose; we, too, glimpse the Ideal.

'Gene Debs! Time, in all her trial of golden days and nights of stars, never held one more loving or beloved. This dreamer melts our hearts with love, then stamps them with ideals everlasting.

FROM FREDERIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI

He is endowed with the most precious faculty to which one can aspire—the gift of language—and he uses it for the proclamation of the most beautiful and generous thought. His beautiful language is that of an apostle.

FROM HENRI BARBUSSE

I am glad to join those free spirits and noble souls who sing the praises of that great apostle, Eugene V. Debs, who personifies to me, not only a social doctrine, that of right and morality, but also the energy of soul and bravery necessary actually to proclaim truth to the world. His place should be a choice one in the hearts of the oppressed and all those who are wounded by and suffer for the suffering of others. In the temporal order, his place should be at the head of a great nation. All those who desire right and justice, all who long for the day when their hopes shall be realized, should approve enthusiastically the idea of the American Socialist party to offer him as candidate for President of the republic.

Let every slave, every exploited and suffering one in the whole world, never forget that this loyal soul, this far-seeing prophet, has undergone martyrdom for one long year; let them arise and demand his freedom.

FROM UPTON SINCLAIR

I have been asked to write what I believe 'Gene Debs would write if he were free to take his proper part in this presidential campaign. Speaking with the voice of 'Gene Debs, I call upon you—not to set me free from my felon's cell in Atlanta, but to set yourselves free, your spirit and your vision and your ideal, your community, your country, your past traditions and your future hopes!

Why was I, Eugene Debs, sent to a felon's cell? Because for thirty years I have been the friend of the poor and oppressed, and because in a time of crisis I spoke the truth when others were blinded or cowed. Why am I kept in a felon's cell—now when danger of war is past? Because it is known that if freed, I will go on speaking the truth, I will speak it more effectively than ever, I will be more dangerous to the predatory powers that tried to silence my voice. I am not in jail because of myself, but because of you—in order that you may not learn the truth I have to teach; in order that the fire of justice and freedom which is in my soul shall not come into contact with your soul and enkindle it. So when you go out among your fellows, to agitate and educate and organize, to make your voice heard demanding freedom for me, it will be freedom for yourself that you will be winning. When you have won it for yourself, then, and only then, will I be happy; for I am the author of the saying:

“While there is a lower class, I am in it;
While there is a criminal element, I am of it;
While there is a soul in jail, I am not free.”

FROM DAVID STARR JORDAN

I have not met Eugene Debs since, thirty-five years ago, he was a member of the Indiana Legislature from Terre Haute. I do not remember that I ever agreed with him on any question, social or political, and twenty-five years ago I strongly disapproved of his management in the Pullman strike. Yet I have reason to believe that James Whitcomb Riley was right in ascribing to him

“As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the judgment seat.”

So long as Debs is in jail for voicing his opinions, the rest of us are in a degree stopped from expressing ours. The limits to free speech are stated in the Constitution and no local court is commissioned as censor of opinions.

It may be true, as is claimed, that Debs in prison makes more converts to Socialism than he ever made when at large. But that is not the point. Our plea is not for more converts to any cause whatever; we want simply free air. There is no road to justice and peace that does not lead through freedom.

I have nothing further to add except that unless people who disagree with me are free to speak their minds, I am not free either, for one's opinions lose their force when backed by government censorship or official interference.

From RIDGELY TORRENCE

His name deserves to stand beside that of our glorious martyr, John Brown, and, although his idealism is no more intense than Brown's, he is a step advanced in wisdom, for he turns his back on bloodshed as a means of progress. His is a fortunate situation, as the world goes. He is revered by a great multitude upon which he can radiate his loving inspiration and as soon as he dies his spirit will be even more powerful.

THE MARTYRDOM

BY RUTH LE PRADE

Eugene Victor Debs entered upon his martyrdom, April thirteenth, year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and nineteen. Fearless, unconquered he bade good by to the sunlight and the starlight, to the flowers and the children, and gave up his body into the hands of his oppressors. Calmly, without complaint, he walked into the living death that had been prepared for him—and his soul sang; for he had stood the test, he had kept the Faith; and deemed his life a little thing to lay upon the altar of his Dream. Such is the spirit God gives to his chosen ones, fearlessly they stand and speak the Truth; they tremble not at the scourge, the gaol, the cross; and when the hour comes, they walk unto the doom man has prepared for them, with a *smile!*

Over a year has passed since Debs first entered his dungeon cell. Though his body is worn with suffering, he is still as unwavering, loyal, and optimistic as when he first entered it. "I can stay here forever," he says, and sends messages of joy and courage to his comrades without.

No great martyrdom has ever been understood by the masses until time has made it holy. Stolidly and stupidly the people stood by while Socrates was condemned, Jeanne d'Arc was burned, John Brown was hanged, and Christ was nailed upon the cross. If they heard of the

matter at all they dismissed it without a thought. Had not the accused been tried according to law and found guilty, and should not punishment follow? (With due respect for the majesty of the law we can but remember that all of these martyrs were tried, convicted, and sentenced, in a perfectly legal manner in full accordance with the legal machinery of their time.) Christ, to the respectable, law-abiding citizen of his day was an ignorant disturber, Socrates a corrupter of the youth, Jeanne d'Arc a witch, and John Brown an unbalanced fanatical law-breaker, criminal, and a menace to "law and order." The very people who today weep for the sufferings of the Maid of Orleans and the Man of Galilee would not have risked a finger, had they been present, to save the life of either.

To the millions who have called 'Gene comrade he has become holy and apart. They no longer dare to clasp his hand, but kneel in adoration at his feet.

Thou wert our Comrade through the many years. But who is fit to be thy Comrade now? Not one of us who stands within the sunlight, not one of us outside the prison door. We are not fit to kneel beside thy feet. We stand in the outer courtyard and cannot enter to the inner shrine till we have paid the price. Thou wert our Comrade once. And oh! we love thee so. We fain would claim thee still—yet we dare not. For at thy side stand Socrates and Christ, Savonarola and John Brown—the martyrs and the heroes of the world.

NOTES

Concerning the writers quoted in this book.

WITTER BYNNER

Early in 1919 Witter Bynner was an instructor in poetry at the University of California, Berkeley. Because of his advocacy of Amnesty for Political Prisoners he became the center of a storm of persecution, which ended in his withdrawal. Today his poetry is so popular in Berkeley that it is almost impossible to get one of his books from the libraries.

When he was asked for some word for Debs he responded with his exquisite lyric, "9653."

A "Debs for President" Club was organized at the University, and Bynner consented to read "9653" at its first meeting.

Bynner is not a Socialist or a radical. "I have never met Eugene Debs," he says. "I heard him speak in San Francisco in 1912 and was moved by the kind of appeal he made to his audience; not the appeal of a politician desiring power or corraling votes, but a vivid and humane passion for the betterment of his species. He has since remained a poignant figure in my mind; a leader touched with the kind of greatness which I suppose has to suffer in this world because it is bravely ahead of its time. Without being convinced that the political measures advocated by Debs are all he thinks them, I am convinced no less that he is one of the finest spirits alive and one of the conspicuous justifications of his country, a contrast to those in authority who jail men for being good."

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

"I never met Debs but once," says Edmund Vance Cooke, "which was the day when the jury was out, with his fate in its hands. The morning paper had contained a very brief extract from his speech to the court. Short and garbled though the extract was, I was thrilled by it. Circumstances considered, it seemed to me it was one of the great speeches in American history.

"I am not a Socialist. I never heard Debs speak but once, and that was a campaign speech which did not particularly impress me. I have always admired Debs as a great, unselfish soul, deeply and sincerely concerned in righting our social and economic wrongs. We have many friends in common and some of them have told me tales of Debs, showing his almost Jesus-like attitude towards his fellowmen.

"On the day of the trial, when the jury was out, I went down to the Federal building and was fortunate enough to find Debs in the corridor outside of the courtroom. I went up to him and spoke to him and mentioned my name, not dreaming that he knew of me. He could not have been gladder to see me if I had been a boyhood friend. He insisted upon talking about me, instead of about himself, said he had read me for years and followed my syndicated poems in a *Terre Haute* paper every day, etc., etc. I told him that if he went out on the street and asked the first ten people who Edmund Vance Cooke was, nine of them wouldn't know. He pondered a moment and then said, 'Well, maybe, maybe. I went over to Hannibal, Missouri, not long since and inquired about Mark Twain in a store almost on the site of Twain's boyhood home and the store-keeper didn't know whom I was talking about.'

"After we had a laugh at this, I asked him about his chances with the jury and he seemed quite optimistic. He said that the judge had been very fair. When I told him what I thought of his speech of the day before he seemed

deeply affected and said, 'It is worth going through the trial to hear you say that.'

"Just as I left him, I slipped him the poem I had written that morning. And thus ended my first visit with Eugene Debs, but I hope not my last."

Edmund Vance Cooke has both written and spoken, publicity and privately, in behalf of Debs and the other political prisoners. "I think his imprisonment a gross injustice," he says, "and certainly, since the armistice, an inexcusable continuance of oppression and cruelty."

PERCY MACKAYE

Percy Mackaye, author of "Jeanne d'Arc," "Mater," "The Scarecrow," and "Tomorrow," is not a Socialist. He earnestly supported the war. Yet he says, "With all my heart I deplore the sad conditions that commit to prison such courageous idealists as Debs.

"Indeed I think all prisons are outworn relics of Mediaevalism," he adds. "If there must be political prisoners, which is disputable, then civilized laws should detain them under conditions of honor and courtesy due to honest opponents of opinion; and as for such prisoners as are really criminal by nature, they should be housed in remedial hospitals. A vast majority of our people, I believe, would heartily agree to this; but it is a tragic consequence of our still protoplasmic stage of self government that laws affecting millions of human beings are devised and put through by a few hundred.

"As to the political philosophy of Debs," continues Mackaye, "many of his opinions are not held by me; but the human kindness of his great personality and the integrity of his beliefs are characteristics which I would admire whether I agreed with him or not. Especially in regard to the war I did not agree with him; for I was one of those who believed—and believed ardently—that we had

no other possible alternative, as Americans, than to undertake it.

"But the intolerant passions it has engendered in our midst have been unworthy of the high motives we professed, and which I, among many, professed with all sincerity. Except for those unpoised passions Debs could hardly have been imprisoned. In the white heat of conflict some intolerance may well have seemed to be moral; but now—in the cold light of the cosmic disillusionment the world has suffered—now, if ever, our imaginations should be touched to value only a redeeming tolerance, for if there be any left alive who are any longer cocksure, surely they are only the incorrigible. Unless they are many, Debs will soon be free again.

"Politically I am of no party: simply an American, which has always meant to me (whatever it may mean to others) a lover of human liberty, anywhere on this planet.

"Human liberty, of course, is often confused with human fighting; but I do not mean it so. I am not a lover of fighting for its own sake, and it is in any case a very ineffectual method of procedure, even for the sake of achieving better things implied in civilization. Some of these better things, I take it, are human fellowship, and health, and clear thinking, and quiet work, and poetry—and seeing good men like Debs out in the sunshine."

MURRAY E. KING

When the Spanish American War broke out Murray E. King, author of "Debs, the Fighter," enlisted and left his father's farm in Utah for Manilla. He came back a "confirmed Socialist" and within a year converted almost every resident of his native village. Since then he has written, organized, and edited. He is now engaged in independent literary work.

"Debs is to me," he says, "a revelation of human possibilities. He has won from the masses an instinctive rec-

ognition that he embodies something unusually commanding and great. This instinctive recognition of Debs' greatness is our sheer worship of the supreme in character. It is because Debs' love, idealism, courage, loyalty, hope are literally boundless that they who know him accord him a first place among men. He is a crushing, living denial of all cynical disbelief in human nature because he is proof that there can be a man in whom there is no selfishness, cowardice, malice, treachery, or guile. He is the true social type—the real comrade type—which will dominate the future."

For many years Debs and King have been close friends. Whenever Debs was in Salt Lake City he was entertained by this faithful friend. And it was at one of Debs' meetings there that King received the inspiration for his poem, "Debs, the Fighter." "The inimitable gestures," says King, "the magnificent impersonation of love, the insatiable idealism, the towering wrath in the presence of injustice—all these greatly impressed me. A month or so later," he continues, "I was on a Western Pacific train going west to a prospect in Nevada in which I was interested. This thrilling picture of Debs pleading with the workers, denouncing their oppressors, came back to me in vivid outline. One line kept occurring and re-occurring to me—'The looming figure of a man at bay.' I could see all the hatred of a misunderstanding world pressing back this heroic figure until he had taken his last supreme stand where he stood in his final strength towering like a god. I wrote other lines as they came to me with a lead pencil on a dilapidated note book."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene V. Debs were close and intimate friends for almost forty years. Their friendship commenced 'way back in the early days and lasted through Riley's lifetime. Some of the Hoosier Poet's finest

literary work was inspired by Debs. Once when Riley was ill Debs took him some roses, of which Riley was very fond. The gentle poet was touched to tears and responded with the poem, "Them Flowers."

How the friendship of these two great men first started, and how Debs came to champion Riley's cause in Terre Haute, is told by Debs as follows:

"Late in the '70's a sketch of country life in quaint and homely phrase, copied in one of our local papers, attracted my attention. The writer seemed to have dipped his pen into the very heart of my own experience as a Hoosier lad, and the picture he drew, so faithfully true to the days of my childhood, appealed with irresistible charm to my delighted imagination. Eagerly I sought the writer's name. His imperishable fame was already achieved, so far as I was concerned.

"I soon learned that James Whitcomb Riley was none other than 'Benj. F. Johnson of Boone,' whose dialect verses, contributed to the Indianapolis Journal about that time, were eagerly read and gave the writer his early local fame as the 'Hoosier Poet.' Among these poems, which have since become familiar wherever the English language is spoken, were 'The Frost is on the Punkin', 'The Old Swimmin' Hole,' and others, a dozen in all, which the author was persuaded by his devotees to have done into a modest little volume entitled 'The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Pöems.'

"Impatient to see this native genius of the Hoosier soil, whose keen poetic insight, sympathetic interpretation and charming dialect had so appealed to my imagination, I boarded a train for Indianapolis, only to find on arrival, to my great disappointment and regret, that Mr. Riley was absent from the city. But I met George Hitt, of the Morning Journal, who was then Riley's manager and booking agent, and through him I arranged for an early date for the rising young poet and humorist at Terre Haute.

"The first appearance of the 'Hoosier Poet' in our city was anything but a shining success, although the poet gave a brilliant exhibition of his wonderful powers as a mimic and as a personator of the characters sketched in his poems and studies. The entertainment was given in the old Dowling Hall, and there was a painfully diminutive attendance.

"Surely, I argued to myself that night, this settles the question of Riley's genius, and never again will the God-gifted 'Hoosier Poet' be humiliated by so paltry an audience in Terre Haute. On his next visit he will without doubt be greeted by an overflowing house and given a rapturous ovation.

"But alas! the second audience was even smaller than the first. My surprise and mortification may be imagined. But I was more than ever determined that the people of Terre Haute should *see* James Whitecomb Riley and realize that a poet had sprung up out of their own soil—a native wild flower at their very feet—whose fame would spread over all the land and beyond the seas to the most distant shores.

"A third attempt resulted in another dismal failure."

Of course later, when the literati of New York had hailed Riley as a genius and Fame had crowned him with immortal splendor, the people of Terre Haute were proud to do him honor. "When next he came to Terre Haute the auditorium was packed to the last inch of standing room, and hundreds were turned away."

But Riley never forgot the man who loved him, believed in him, and helped him when others were indifferent. Having known poverty, heartbreak, and struggle, he knew how to appreciate a friend when he found one. His love for 'Gene, whom he considered a masterpiece of God, amounted almost to adoration;—he says, "God was feeling mighty good when he made 'Gene Debs, and he didn't have anything else to do all day."

Riley gave to his dear friend a number of autographed volumes of his poems which are still treasured in the Debs' library. They bear the following inscriptions:

"Cadence of maiden voices—
Their lovers' blush with these;
And of little children singing,
As under orchard trees.

"To My Friend, Eugene Debs,
"Faithfully,
"James Whitcomb Riley.

"Brown Co., Dec. 8, 1887."

(Written in "Afterwhiles.")

"For Eugene V. Debs, Esq.—With best love of his old
friend,
James Whitcomb Riley.

"Indianapolis, Ind., Nov., 1894."

"With perfect faith in God and man
A-shinin' in his eyes. (Doc Sifers.)

Dec. 25, 1897. James Whitcomb Riley."

(Written in "The Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers.")

To Debs we are indebted for this charming and intimate picture of the "God-gifted Hoosier." "On his several visits to our home," says Debs, "we came to know how the people, especially the children, loved him. Long before he was awake in the morning the little folks had already gathered in the waiting room to greet him. One little miss of five was in tears when she told us how hard her father had tried to get her into the opera house to see Riley the night before (this was after Riley's triumphant return to Terre Haute) and had failed. That was why she was the first of the children at our house the following

morning, and when we assured her that she should see Riley, her eyes fairly beamed with joy. A little later her cup was full. She had her dimpled arms about her idol's neck and was covering his face with kisses and telling him how she loved him. . . .

"Another doting lassie, black-eyed and beautiful, declared her undying love for the children's poet. . . . She wore a necklace with a clasped heart for a charm, and when he told her how pretty it was and added, 'That's the kind I used to wear when I was a little girl,' she regarded him with wonder for a moment and then burst into joyous laughter."

Riley and Debs were one in their great love for the children. Debs says, "The sweetest, tenderest, most pregnant words uttered by the proletaire of Galilee were: 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' . . . Childhood! What a holy theme! Flowers they are, with souls in them, and if on this earth man has a sacred charge, a holy obligation, it is to these tender buds and blossoms of humanity."

Riley has expressed in his poetry what Debs has expressed in his deeds. If Riley had his "Ruthers:"—

"The pore 'ud git theyr dues *some* times—
 Ef I only had my ruthers,—
 And be paid *dollars* 'stid o' *dimes*,
 Fer children, wives and mothers:
 Theyr boy that slaves; theyr girl that—sews—
 Fer *others*—not herself, God knows!—
 The grave's *her* only change of clothes!
 Ef I only had my ruthers,
 They'd all have 'stuff' and time enough
 To answer one-another's
 Appealin' prayer fer 'lovin' care'—
 Ef I only had my ruthers.

"The rich and great 'ud sociate
With all they lowly brothers,
Feelin' *we* done the honorun—
Ef I only had my ruthers."

Cradled in a great and unpopular cause, (his father was an Abolitionist in the days when it was unpopular and dangerous to be one), it was not hard for Riley to understand his friend of the flaming heart. His lines on John Brown are as descriptive of 'Gene as of the other great martyr:

"Writ in between the lines of his life-deed
We trace the sacred service of a heart
Answering the Divine command in every part
Bearing on human weal; His love did feed
The loveless; and his gentle hands did lead
The blind, and lift the weak, and balm the smart
Of other wounds than rankled at the dart
In his own breast, that gloried thus to bleed.
He served the lowliest first—nay, them alone—
The most despised that ever wreaked vain breath
In cries of suppliance in the reign whereat
Red guilt sate squat upon her spattered throne.
For these doomed there it was he went to death,
God! how the merest man loves one like that!"

Riley once said:

"The meanest man I ever saw
Allus kep' inside o' the law;
And ten-times better fellers I've knowed
The blame grand'-jury's sent over the road."

What would he say today if he were alive to see his dear friend, Eugene V. Debs, serving, at the age of sixty-four years, a ten-year sentence in the Federal Penitentiary for making a speech against war!

SAMUEL A. DE WITT

One of the five Socialist assemblymen who have been expelled from the Legislature of New York State.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

Louis Untermeyer, the rebel poet, author of "These Times," "Challenge," etc., has never met Debs, and yet Debs has been one of the most potent influences in his life. "I have never been face to face with 'Gene," he says, "and the only time that I saw him was years ago when I was one of several thousand listeners. That was at a time when I was still dreaming of literature as an escape from life; it never occurred to me during my nonage that a poet could have anything to do with crude facts, mass action and the disorganized welter of the modern world. It was the spirit even more than the speech of Debs that remained with me and vivified my social contacts; and it was the force of Debs that, reinforced by experience, battered down my Ivory Tower.

"As a poet I feel the inadequacy of my instrument when the call comes to 'do something' about Debs. Words, I have been told, are the only things that last, but unless they are (as Robert Frost once said) words that become deeds, they will count for nothing."

WALTER HURT

"The most distinctive thing about Debs is his smile," says Walter Hurt. Hurt and Debs were intimately associated for many years. After knowing Debs awhile Hurt came to the conclusion that Debs was the best of all doctors and that his incomparable smile could not fail to heal the saddest heart. These sentiments he has expressed in his poem, "Mornin', 'Gene."

Hurt is as tender hearted as 'Gene himself. Once when they were working together on the Appeal to Reason, Debs

became interested in a shooting gallery down the street and spent some of his time there. When Walter found this out he was horrified. "Don't you see," he said, "that shooting clay pigeons is only a preparation for shooting *real* ones!" 'Gene never visited the gallery again.

In his beautiful "Introduction to Eugene V. Debs" Hurt gives us a glimpse of the many sides of his hero. Here we see not only Debs the Doctor, but Debs the Dreamer, Debs the Dependable, Debs the Democrat, Debs in all the various manifestations of his soul.

Speaking of the imprisonment of 'Gene, Walter Hurt writes, "This infinite crime has no parallel in human history since the tragedy of Calvary. In fact the jail is merely a modern form of crucifixion for just men. Had Debs been contemporaneous with Jesus, he, too, would have been sacrificed on the cross, and for the same reason. And were the Nazarene alive today, he would be incarcerated in Atlanta penitentiary, where he would find in our gentle 'Gene a not unworthy cell-mate."

JAMES OPPENHEIM

In the poetry of James Oppenheim we find the force and fire of his great hero, Walt Whitman. And when he says that America has produced no greater lover than 'Gene Debs, he pays to Debs the highest tribute that a devotee of Whitman could.

"I have never met 'Gene Debs," says Oppenheim, "but others who know him have made me feel as though I had met him. For a long time I could not feel happy about him. I wished that he had a great mind to fling creative vistas through our factory smoke. I felt that he was more like John Brown than like Lincoln. But my feeling has changed. I believe that America has not produced any other, even Whitman, with a deeper and more genuine love for human beings than 'Gene Debs. It is this that lifts him into greatness. Much intellect is playing today over

the industrial scene: excellent thinking is done in England, and it serves us well. And there is passion in England behind the thinking. We can take over the thinking, but we can't import the passion. But Debs is doing something better for us than this: he is giving the American labor movement the very quick of life: he is giving it a soul."

JOHN COWPER POWYS

John Cowper Powys, the British critic, poet, and Oxford lecturer, is one of Debs' greatest admirers and most fearless defenders. Last summer Powys was giving a series of lectures in San Francisco. To hear his lecture on Bolshevism the ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel was crowded with the richest and most fashionable residents of the city. Clad in décolleté gowns of silk and satin, and gorgeous with jewels, the dilettante women of San Francisco awaited the platitudes with which they are usually fed. But when John Cowper Powys, clad in his Oxford gown, strode on the platform, tall, dark, burning eyed and fiery tongued, and proceeded to lash them with the Truth, they received a shock from which they have probably never recovered to this day. Tossing "common sense" to the winds, he talked of the things that were in his heart: of Russia, the war, the oppressed, of the man who had but recently become a convict in a federal penitentiary. Tenderly, beautifully, he spoke of 'Gene Debs. "If," he concluded, "we have not the courage to take our places by his side—the least we can do is to admire him!"

CLEMENT WOOD

Clement Wood, revolutionary poet and novelist, author of "Glad of Earth," "Mountain," and "The Earth Turns South," tells of his first meeting with the Great Libertarian as follows:

"I remember Debs first when he spoke to an intent, reverent crowd in the murk of the old L. and N. station at

Birmingham, Alabama. At that time I had become a Socialist, and was, I hope, becoming a poet. He was just passing through; we were an ill-assorted, disheartened group in that black section that still lags two score years behind the tardy rest of the country. His tall figure, entreating rather than commanding, bent forward till his eyes were on the level of the group; his words spoke to our hearts, and woke them again.

“At that time I was recorder, or police judge, of Birmingham, appointed, although a Socialist, in an ill-judged effort to make me ‘be good.’ My father was and is a corporation lawyer; his people are of the whiskey-drinking, slave-owning Old South. My mother’s people were middle-class, teachers, doctors. Trained for the law, the time came when a clear mind taught me that law in practice meant injustice in practice; and I left the law, to share my vision of truth through speaking and writing. I came to New York; and in the midst of three lean years of futile bombarding of the magazines with fiction, I was candidate for Alderman in a sardined East Side section. Again I met Debs—spoke on the platform with him, and noted his marvelous ability again to play on the strung heart-chords of his hearers.

“My desire as a poet,” adds Wood, “is to phrase the desires of myself and men and women today: especially their groping after love, after beauty, and after justice. My aim as a novelist is to fix the fluidic present for the present and the future to know, that it may become an ameliorative present and a lightened future. One of man’s chief dynamic expressions is the mass expression of politics; and only the Socialist movement shows any conception of the causes of the social ills and a workable remedy. Hence I am in it and of it; and Debs is today the crest of its wave. Life’s problems will only begin their solution when Socialism triumphs; and I shall be in the battle for the next steps.

"It is especially intolerable that our nation should still be so unenlightened that it jails men for their opinions. May this year, and this book, help end that blot!"

ELLIS B. HARRIS

Ellis B. Harris for over thirty years stood shoulder to shoulder with 'Gene Debs. He was with him back in the early days when Debs was the secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; he went through the American Railway Union strike with him, and paid his share of suffering; he became a Socialist with him, and during Debs' last presidential campaign he was his publicity manager. He writes:

"'Gene and I were associated as members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for several years before either of us thought of becoming Socialists, and while our relations were not very intimate there was always a close bond of friendship between the rank and file and our Grand Secretary. He was 'Our 'Gene' then the same as now—just as loyal, thoughtful and affectionate towards his fellows.

Of course you know of the A. R. U., the organization builded after the weakness of the old craft form became so plain to the more progressive railroad men. I was a locomotive engineer at that time and was one of the first to line up with those who were opposed to an 'aristocracy of labor,' a slave 'aristocracy' at that. The defeat of the A. R. U. is laid at the door of Grover Cleveland. But the blame should rest where it belongs, with the officials of the craft unions who realized that if we won they would lose their jobs and fat salaries. Joining hands with the General Managers' Association, they used every means in their power to destroy Debs and the A. R. U. Grover Cleveland sent the troops to Chicago against the protests of Governor Altgeld, but it was "brotherhood" troops of strike breakers that defeated the American Railway Union. They

cut down the flower, but the seed still propagates in the warm throbbing hearts of those comrades who stood nearest and dearest to Debs.

"I was followed by the black list for three years. Times were hard and it was impossible for many to find employment of any kind; some lost courage, and a few destroyed themselves; many of the most cowardly condemned Debs and the A. R. U. delegates that stood with him; it was natural for real comrades to stick closer, to keep the flag flying. Debs never ceased to be our ideal; it is not surprising that we love one another and that such affection inspires whatever poetry lies in our hearts. It is so much nicer to sing of a manhood preserved than to weep over a job lost."

Harris wrote his poem while meditating over the words of an attorney who said, after meeting Debs, "I think your friend is a very great man, but he is a dreamer, Harris, a dreamer." "And of course he is a dreamer," continues Harris. "And we who know anything know that to the dreamers alone must go the praise of all great accomplishment."

LINCOLN PHIFER

When Debs was on the staff of the Appeal to Reason, working with him day by day was Lincoln Phifer. And the poem, "He Is a Friend," expressed the opinion of the people of Girard in regard to 'Gene Debs. Every one loved him, from the highest to the lowest. It is said that no tramp ever came to Girard who did not know 'Gene; they also knew when payday came and where to borrow the price of a meal. Every child was on intimate terms with this great Friend: not only did he love them but he showed this love in ways that are very expressive to the heart of childhood, emptying his pockets for whatever would delight them. A touching incident of Debs and the children is told by one who lived in Girard at the time. Debs had just

taken his young friends into a candy store and filled them up with soda pop and candy. As they came out of the door a little ragged colored girl, who had not been observed before, timidly clutched at Debs' coat and said, "Mistah Debs, I'se a little chile too." Debs picked her up tenderly and gave her the treat of her life.

After Lincoln Phifer left the Appeal and started a paper of his own, he wrote to Debs and asked him to write something for it. Debs responded in his usual manner—and the result was the three jewels, "Man, Woman, and Child," which Phifer has now gathered into a little booklet which he calls "The Debs Trilogy." When Phifer tried to pay for them, Debs refused to take a penny, but insisted on sending money to help the paper along. "God bless him," says Phifer, "there never was a man of tenderer heart or soul more courageous."

JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN

Dr. Jessie Wallace Hughan of Barnard College is well known in academic circles as an author and an official of the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society. She has been associated for a number of years with the Rand School of Social Science, where in 1910 and 1911 she served as an instructor in Economics. She is the author of "American Socialism of the Present Day," "The Facts of Socialism," and "Socialism of Today."

"Last June," writes Dr. Hughan, "when I was beginning a summer in the cool country and 'Gene at Atlanta, I made a little vow that each day of the vacation I would spend either fifteen minutes or fifteen cents for him. It was a humble little vow, but it meant a number of letters to papers and officials, some urging on of Socialists and a few poems that have found a landing place. I was anxious to form a group of persons who could make the same promise for this summer, but it did not seem possible."

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

Miriam Allen de Ford was walking down Market street, San Francisco, when a huge military parade surged by her. Its martial splendor pierced her heart with sorrowful memories; and at last, filled with a great weariness, she turned away. Lifting her eyes upward she found herself gazing, as by some miracle, into the calm, faithful eyes of Eugene Debs. He was smiling down upon her from the cover of the "Liberator," which some newsdealer was displaying at the top of his stand. This was the origin of the poem "Debs in Prison."

"Its only merit in my eyes," she says, "lies in its voicing, however feebly, the love and respect for Debs that so many thousands of less articulate comrades feel as strongly as we who can give expression to our emotions. Debs has come to symbolize to us Socialism in America, and our personal affection for him is heightened by our feeling that through his martyrdom we are all testifying to the world our convictions and principles. We can thank Debs, to whom we already owed so much, for having revealed us to ourselves."

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

"If in any way, however slight, I can, as a human being, or as an American—whose ancestors fought beside Washington in one of the few wars ever really fought by the people for the people,—serve this good and great man, so foully repudiated by the paltry tyrannies of the moment, I count it certainly a good use of my life and strength." These are the words of the scholarly Dr. William Ellery Leonard, poet, author, and professor of English in the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. Leonard does not know Debs personally, and up to the time of the trial Eugene V. Debs was but a name to him. "I read of the conviction," he says, "and sensed its

significance, and followed this reading up with particulars. It was the speech at the Trial that won me and made me his forever."

To understand Dr. Leonard's feeling for Debs one must know something of his "New England boyhood, passed," to use his own words, "a few miles from Emerson's home town of Concord, a boyhood indeed not unaccompanied by grave old men who had known and stood by Emerson himself, John Brown, Whittier, and all the sturdy Abolitionists—old men who vitalized for me (Edward Everett Hale was one of them) the meaning of an Heroic American, and those legendary names, Garrison, Lovejoy, Phillips, and the names hereabove,—a tradition which I find reincarnated in the man we are thinking of today. It is this that makes Debs mean so much to me: he realizes my boyhood visions of the Heroic Americans, the man firmly planted in his Instincts, unmoved by Opinion, and unafraid before Authority, in the assertion of his own inviolable integrity."

Not only does Debs appeal to Leonard as a great American Liberator. "I see him in another great tradition," he continues,—*"in the tradition of the Noble Lovers—the men who have a genius for putting their kind arms around all the race, the men in the tradition of Jesus, of Lincoln, of Walt Whitman—and I see that my names are here again mostly American names, so I say he is in the tradition particularly of the American Lovers."*

Dr. Leonard predicts, "Debs' speech at the Court will some day be in the Anthologies of American Patriotism—when the Espionage Act has joined the iniquitous Fugitive Slave Law, for his heroism and his integrity no less are a product of the American Spirit."

GEORGE BICKNELL

"He is one of the kindest, humblest, most chivalrous men I have ever known," says George Bicknell, poet, ar-

tist, professor, and Chautauqua manager, of his dear friend, Eugene Debs. Bicknell has known Debs for many years and was at one time a resident of Terre Haute where he was in intimate contact with him. Speaking from his personal observations Bicknell says, "His life is never too full to do little acts and little deeds of kindness."

"I watched him, unobserved," continues Bicknell, "one evening just at dusk, as he was leaving his office in a cold drizzling rain, walk six blocks. In passing this distance it took him not less than a half hour, for he stopped six times to salute and converse with some one he knew, an odd but democratic list. One a business man of the town, one a poet, one a drayman, one an old blind man, one a colored man, and one a little child."

Once as Debs was coming out of a railway station he met Bicknell as the latter was about to take a train. "Nothing would do him," says Bicknell, "but that he must turn and carry my suit-case to the rear where I was boarding the train, almost a block away."

"It was through me a few years ago," Bicknell adds, "that a Chautauqua Bureau offered Debs twenty dates during the month of August at \$150 each, but Debs declined it to work in the interest of labor for a little more than his expenses."

When Debs was first indicted and arrested, before his trial, July 3, 1918, Bicknell sent him the following message:

My dear Friend:

I see you smiling through it all,
Saying, "They know not what they do,"
But if they seal the prison wall,
Our hearts will bleed for you.

SARA BARD FIELD

Sara Bard Field is a newspaper woman and a worker in the suffrage movement. She has lived all over the

world. In 1900 she went to India as the wife of a missionary. In 1910 she covered as a newspaper woman the McNamara case in Los Angeles. During the Panama Pacific Exposition she was elected envoy, by the western women voters, to carry a monster suffrage petition to the President, and her spectacular automobile trip from San Francisco to Washington is well remembered. When she arrived at the capital and was received by the President with three hundred of her co-workers, he expressed himself favorably on woman suffrage for the first time.

It was while working in a poor parish in Cleveland that she became a Socialist. "Debs was one of the instruments," she says, "in not only tearing down the old order in my mind but in building up the new."

GUY BOGART

Guy Bogart, California poet, is a Hoosier by birth, and for many years was a close and intimate friend of 'Gene, and "Theodore the Beloved" in their home town of Terre Haute.

When Guy was a young newspaper man just out of college he first met 'Gene—and that meeting changed his life. "'Gene came home to Terre Haute the night before election," he says, "and James O'Neal gave me a seat on the platform to report the meeting for the democratic organ. The Grand Theatre was overflowing two hours before the meeting, and when Debs finally arrived, so worn and exhausted from weeks of campaigning that he could hardly stand, he found himself compelled to make addresses to two large audiences in different auditoriums. When 'Gene grasped my hand that night there was a spiritual touch that was as convincing as the terrible earnestness of his loving pleading. The next morning as I entered the Building Trades Hall on my rounds for news, I said to one of the leading business agents, "Tom, let's vote the

straight Socialist ticket today! He shook hands on the pact—and 'Gene got two more votes."

In his reminiscences of "My Big Brother 'Gene," written after Debs had been sent to prison, Guy gives us intimate glimpses of their beautiful friendship, which has grown deeper and richer with the passing years.

"It has been a life of giving on the part of Debs," says Guy. "Early in 1918, on the death of a California comrade, a house and lot in Long Beach were willed to Comrade Debs. He forwarded to me at once all of the papers, and was a bit impatient until the property had been transferred to the State Executive Committee of the California Socialist Party."

JOHN MILTON SCOTT

"John Milton Scott has the gift of the singing line," said Edwin Markham once in describing his friend's poetry. The Rev. John Milton Scott is beloved throughout the country for his spiritual words of faith and healing. Many will remember "The Grail," a little magazine of spiritual truth which he edited for a number of years. His best known book is "Kindly Light—A Little Book of Yearning." "Verily John Milton Scott is one of God's prophets!" wrote a young man to his mother after reading it. "His words are evidence of the fact that the brightest thinkers of modern times are beginning to get a true conception of the Christ Life; and whoever can do that, and teach it to others, must be ranked among the greatest benefactors of the human race, and so we thank you again and again for 'Kindly Light!'"

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Siegfried Sassoon, the young English poet, fought three times in France, and once in Palestine, and won the Military Cross for an act of bravery on the battlefield. He

loathes war because he knows what war is. When the past conflict first started he entered into it with all the heroic idealism of youth—but soon he awakened to the horrible reality of it. He writes: "Let no one ever from henceforth say a word in any way countenancing war. It is dangerous even to speak of how here and there the individual may gain some hardship of soul by it. For war is hell, and those who institute it are criminals. Were there anything to say for it, it should not be said, for its spiritual disasters far outweigh any of its advantages."

"You snug-faced crowds with kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go."

And Siegfried Sassoon in honoring the name of Eugene Debs speaks not for himself alone, but for the thousands of idealistic youths who upon the battlefields of Europe offered their lives for the same principles that Debs has championed—Liberty, Brotherhood, and Peace!

SARA N. CLEGHORN

Sara N. Cleghorn, author of "A Turnpike Lady," "The Spinster," "Fellow Captains," "Portraits and Protests," etc., is of a deeply religious temperament, and believes in practicing the principles of Christ. It was "through trying to be a Christian" that she became a Socialist. She writes:

"I was brought up on the New York Tribune. Such were my early ideas about Eugene Debs as the Tribune would naturally inculcate. I no more supposed that he was a prophet, an apostolic Christian, a modern Franciscan, a Tolstoyan, than I supposed a short-haired woman in bloomers could be comely and modest! Nor even after I had joined the Socialist Party did I ever hear him speak, or

touch those magnetic hands of which everybody speaks. It was his trial, the glorious witness which he then bore, that illuminated his name and fame for me, forever. So utterly true and whole-hearted, so unimbittered, so tranquil, so gracious, so Bayard-like, he then displayed his personality, that his arrest and conviction seemed a mere frame for it. I could forget in the inspiration he was to me among so many all my own cowardice at not being in prison too—my own hopeless longing to be true also to my own conscience. The Lord Jesus, to Whom I was not faithful, triumphed in him."

EUGENE FIELD

The friendship of Debs and Field was as brief as it was beautiful—for death claimed Field two years after their first meeting.

"Eugene Field was by nature a prince of fine fellows," says Debs. "I never knew a more genial, generous companion; a more loyal, steadfast friend. I met him for the first time in the spring of 1893, on which occasion he presented me with several volumes of his poetry and prose writings, inscribed in his wonderfully small and exact hand."

The inscriptions in these books, which still grace the library of 'Gene's home, are:—

"To Eugene V. Debs, Esq.,

"With the very cordial regards of

"Eugene Field. March 3, 1893."

(Written in "A Little Book of Profitable Tales.")

"Eugene V. Debs, Esq.,

"With very much love from

"Eugene Field. April 7, 1893."

(Written in "A Second Book of Verse.")

"Whenever I've this heartache or this feelin' in my throat,
I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's Tabble dote."

"Eugene Field. March 8, 1893."

"Field was tall and spare, though not ungainly," says Debs. "As an entertainer he was at his best in the pathetic passages of his own character sketches. He rendered these with marvelous effect upon his hearers.

"Like Riley, whom he resembled strongly in many ways, he was an intense lover of children, and if there were any little ones about he was very apt to forsake the grown folks. To the children he was himself in all the exuberance of his own buoyant childhood. To them he sang the songs they inspired in him, the soft, sweet lullabies; to them he told the wonderful stories drawn from their own fairyland imagination, and with them he romped and played with all the zest and abandon of his care-free soul.

"Field came to Terre Haute soon after I first met him. He was then on the lyceum platform with George W. Cable, the novelist, and they were giving public entertainments consisting of readings from their works. On this occasion they were greeted by a fine audience at the opera house. Field surpassed himself, and the program was greatly extended by the repeated encores to which he graciously responded.

"That night we were the guests of a mutual friend, and while sitting in the drawing room, Field, who had heard the voices of children in an adjoining room, quietly disappeared. Soon thereafter shouts of joy and peals of merriment rang through the house. Something unusually frolicsome had broken out among the children. What could it be? The door was opened, and there was Field, in his dress suit, minus his coat, down on all fours, in the center of a group of excited children, all screaming with delight. Such a picture!

"Field was in his element among the children. He was one of them. He played and romped and rolled on the floor and kicked up his heels in all the reckless abandon of a boy just out of school. He made grimaces, sang funny songs, told funny stories and mocked funny people. From

the depths of his great heart he loved the children. And how they loved him!"

Field was not only one with Debs in his love for the children, but like Debs he despised war in all its manifestations. In his *Auto-Analysis* he says, "I hate wars, armies, soldiers, and guns." Commenting on this Slason Thompson (Field's most comprehensive biographer) says, "Field had the strongest possible aversion to violence or brutality of any kind. He considered capital punishment barbarous. He was not opposed to it because he regarded it as ineffective as a punishment or a deterrent of crime, but simply because taking life, and especially human life, was abhorrent to him. Hence his 'hatred' of 'wars, armies, soldiers and guns.'"

"Of peace I know and can speak," says Field in one of his short stories, "of peace, with its solace of love, plenty, honor, fame, happiness, and its pathetic tragedy of poverty, heartache, disappointment, tears, bereavement. Of war I know nothing, and never shall know; it is not in my heart or my hand to break that law which God enjoined from Sinai and Christ confirmed in Galilee. I do not know of war."

Field was not only opposed to war but to all forms of human slavery. "Everything he wrote in prose or verse," says Thompson, "reflects his contempt for earth's mighty and his sympathy for earth's million mites." Field's father, like Riley's, was an Abolitionist in the days of its unpopularity. He it was who first took up the famous Dred Scott case. As a lawyer he prepared the first brief for Dred Scott, and without pay fought the case for nine years. If Eugene Field were alive today he would without doubt see the similarity in the case of Dred Scott and the case of Eugene Debs—both historic examples of the miscarriage of justice.

If Field were alive today he would stand by 'Gene as faithfully as he did once before in an hour of bitterness

and persecution. During the Pullman strike when the clouds began to gather Debs found in his mail box one morning this note:

"Dear 'Gene: I hear that you are to be arrested. When that time comes you will need a friend. I want to be that friend.
Eugene Field."

"This was high proof of personal loyalty," says Debs, "at a time when intense bitterness prevailed, and when such an avowal meant ostracism and execration."

"The last message that came to me from Eugene Field," writes Debs, "was followed closely by his death, which came so suddenly that it caused a painful shock to his many friends. I was in Woodstock at the time. Field wrote:

"'You are now settled in your summer quarters, and I'll soon be out to see you.' A day or two later I picked up the morning paper to note with profoundest sorrow the announcement of his death. He had not been ill. He was still in the rosy flush of his young manhood. He had retired as usual and 'fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still.'"

HORACE TRAUBEL

The literary executor of Walt Whitman was one of Debs' most devoted friends. The following letter shows something of his feeling for the man. It was written from the city where Walt Whitman lived and is buried:

"Camden, Jan. 13, 1907.

"Dear Brother:—I know you are busy. I don't want to crowd in. But I want to send you my love. There is always time for love. You are a man upon whom love has showered its darling gifts. Cherish them. They are worth while. You have troubles. I know about them. But you have lovers, and the light is full in your face, and you are leading men on towards the fulfillment of man's noblest dream. I know that though sorrow comes you are still

satisfied. A man with work in him, with love in him, may always be happy. He is always next the throne. Good-night.
Horace."

CARL SANDBURG

Like many of 'Gene Debs' admirers Carl Sandburg, the vigorous young Chicago poet, was at one time a warrior and saw active service in Porto Rico. He was only about twenty years old when he marched away with Company C. of the 6th Illinois Volunteers. As a poet Sandburg is unique in contemporary letters. He is rugged and elemental, yet out of his ruggedness spring the most exquisite flowers. When asked to send some word for 'Gene he replied, "Everything I've done so far on 'Gene I've thrown away. I would like to be along with Bynner, Wood, Sara Bard Field and the rest of these fine fellows, and if I get a Debs' piece soon I'll send it on to you. Otherwise we'll wait and hope. And I'm glad you wrote me about such a thing." A little later his tribute was ready. "I hope to mail it to you on July 4," he wrote, "a date apropos."

GEORGE F. HIBNER

George F. Hibner, poet, miner, lecturer and farmer, was for several years a pleader on the Socialist platform, and is now living with his wife and five children on a farm in Sagle, Idaho.

It was at a Chautauqua in 1906 that he and his wife first met 'Gene; since then they have met many times and become devoted friends. "Nowhere else," says Hibner, "have we met the eyes, the face, the music-words, the full-rounded man that's 'Gene." His tribute to the Great Leader, "Meeting Debs," was written after hearing 'Gene's address in Pocatello, Idaho, "which haunts me yet," he says, "with its beauty, its power, its noble human plea." Everyone there was moved to tears by 'Gene's fiery simplicity.

MAX EASTMAN

The editor of the "Liberator," and author of "Color of Life" and "The Enjoyment of Poetry" was on trial for his liberty at the same time as Debs. One day in the courtroom Eastman asked Debs if his trial was not a strain on him. "No," replied Debs, "it doesn't rest on my mind much. You see, if I'm sent to jail it can't be for a very long time, whereas if you go it may be an important part of your life. That's why my heart has been with you boys all these months." The utter selflessness of the man could not be better shown than in this answer.

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DEBS HAS VISITORS

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

(The author of the following remarkable bit of eloquence was graduated from West Point in 1874, and after serving in the Nez Percé and also the Bannock and Piute Indian wars resigned to take up the practice of law in Portland, Oregon. He is the author of a widely read book of poems, "The Poet in the Desert.")

The cell of Eugene Debs in Atlanta Prison. Night. Moonlight streaming through the barred window, making a pool of light on the floor. A small wooden table. A wooden chair. A narrow iron prison bed. Debs is seated on the bed. The Spirit of Walt Whitman appears in the moonlight.

WHITMAN: I heard that the slave-masters had jailed you
Because you spoke Democracy;
The real Bread-and-butter Democracy,
The right of the little children to live and
 laugh.
I have come to greet you, Debs,
I, Walt Whitman, a chanter of Democracy.
Give me your hand.
I salute you—'Gene, Camarado.

DEBS: Walt Whitman? The Poet of America?
The Poet of Freedom?

WHITMAN: I was fooled, Debs.
I was fooled.

I loved the young America—
I loved the child from Rebellion's loins,
Tumbling the old toys about—smashing, break-
ing, building,
Inviting the oppressed—inviting the free, in-
viting the revolutionists;
German, Dutchman, Pole, Irishman, Russian
and Dago—
Gathering the free, rebellious souls from
every land,
As a hen gathers her chickens under her wing.
I loved the lusty young child America,
But he has grown up fat-paunched,
Gluttonous, a bully, a lover of harlots.
I chanted a Democracy which was not.
I sang a brotherhood which could not be.
I confidently caroled a freedom which is not
yet.
I was a vain boaster, a user of words.
I have come to take you by the hand and say
To you and the stars out there and to the big
enveloping night,
You are the real Mason of Democracy;
Building true to the plumb line,
Clicking the corners off the bricks
With your shining trowel:
Resolutely cutting the brick in two
With a sharp, swift stroke, till it fit;
Making strong the wall forever.
John Brown of Ossawatomie swinging in the
hangman's noose,
At Harper's Ferry,
Sang a stronger note for Freedom than I,
Walt Whitman,
A chanter of Democracy; user of words.
And you, 'Gene Debs, jailed by the insolence
of the slave-drivers,

Are a bigger teacher of a bigger democracy
Than ever was I—Walt Whitman—
Boaster—User of words.

DEBS: Truth lives in your words;
They have been our inspiration
And shall be the inspiration of the real sons
of America
When I and my generation are silent.
The noisy mob outside your door has betrayed
you;
But in the secret chambers of your soul
You have taken Freedom for your bride;
She will never betray you.

WHITMAN: By God, I have taken Freedom for my bride;
And I declare her beautiful—
Strong as a young giant, fearless;
Beautiful in her strength, terrible.
She will not betray me.
I will await her. She will come.
This cell expands beyond the world.
I see coming from it the crimson sunrise.
I hear the roar of Freedom clear round the
globe.
Ceaselessly, endlessly, pounding every shore;
Spreading its white surf as a girdle round the
world.
Husky, deep throated, menacing.
Not to be denied. Hoarsely demanding.
Russia, England, Ireland, Egypt, India,
France, Germany, Scandinavia, Japan,
Mysterious China with eyelids drooping;
Brooding on the centuries and reluctant to
awake;
And America, Freedom's chosen child, who
has befouled and betrayed her—

But I will await her,
 My Terrible and Splendid One.
 Confidently I will await her.
 She will come.
 I will await you also—Camarado,
 I, Walt Whitman—will await you. I honor
 you, 'Gene.
 I salute you. *Au revoir. Auf wiedersehen. So
 long.*

DEBS: So long. I will come.

*(The Spirit of Whitman vanishes—
 The Spirit of Lincoln appears.)*

LINCOLN: They told me that the old Slave-Power had
 put
 A man in jail who looked like me.
 I thought I'd come and sympathize.
 My name is Lincoln—they used to call me Abe.
 I like that best. It speaks of love—
 Love is the only path there is between the
 hearts of men.
 When I was a long-legged boy in the Ken-
 tucky mountains,
 The forests, gorges, cliffs and streams kept
 men apart—
 Except for the little narrow trails that ran
 from hearth to hearth—
 I used to think that they were the threads of
 love
 That made life worth while.
 And afterward, I never quite forgot that
 thought.
 So you're in jail because you spoke for free-
 dom—

That's not new.
When I remember how the world's big men
Who set men free were always put in jail
I'm sorry I was never jailed.
There is something there I guess I missed;
I never had a college education.
There were plenty who'd have liked to have
seen me in jail
Or hung—but we rebels then had grown too
strong.
You know we were the rebels—Our Southern
brethren
Were standpatters against the revolution.
They fought for property, we fought for
men—
The same fight you are making now.
John Brown was jailed.
The rope that strangled him was the same
power
That put you here.

*(Voices in chorus singing faintly:
"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the
grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the
grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the
grave—
But his soul is marching on—")*

That was the boys in ragged shoes and faded
uniforms
Marching up Pennsylvania Avenue.
Your soldiers of Freedom are not in your ar-
mies but your jails.
So, 'Gene, you are in jail—I'll call you 'Gene
I guess you like that best.

DEBS AND THE POETS

I knew a man, in Illinois, was put in jail
Because he said he could cure St. Vitus' dance
With milkweed juice.

He did it too, . . . sometimes.

Say, 'Gene, perhaps you ran against St. Vitus'
dance.

When I was solitary in the solemn nights,
My load too big for sleep,

Two things would haunt me—

A slave mother, on the block, sold from her
clinging child—

And the mothers of those boys dead on the
field—

Mothers in city homes, in farmhouse kitchens—
Mothers going about in silence, thinking of
those sons

As little babies in their arms, and every mo-
ment since

Until they kissed them on their way—

And now, never another kiss.

Then when it seemed more than my heart
could bear

I saw the slave mother on the block:

Sold, body and soul, for money to the highest
bid.

And all those dear dead sons upon the bloody
field

Seemed as tired boys restfully asleep
Upon the Altar of the World.

This war was not a war like that

You knew it, 'Gene.

Twist it and turn it, any side, every side,

It was the masters' war to keep men slaves.

We fought to strike the chains from poor black
men;

But there are chains eyes cannot see,

Heavy to drag men down to poverty, dis-
ease and crime.
You fight to strike those shackles off,
That mothers, black or white, shall not be put
up for sale,
That little children shall have a chance to play.
Stand up, 'Gene.
Yes, we are just about one height.
You're better looking—but not much.
I have the advantage of you in hair.
Give me your hand—
Stand eye to eye with me—
They call me "The Emancipator."
'Gene, I pass the title on to you.

DEBS: Not to me—There are so many who have
done more;
So many lie tonight in prisons;
Many of them boys—brave boys—
And over those prisons floats your flag,
The stars and stripes.

LINCOLN: Who is now your President?
What is his name?

DEBS: I have forgot,
I remember only you.

LINCOLN: Remember John Brown, his soul is marching
on;
Remember those dead sons who sleep on
Freedom's field,
They have no children, no brothers, only you
and yours,
God bless you, 'Gene.
I will await you.

DEBS: I will come.

*(Spirit of Lincoln vanishes;
Spirit of Christ appears.)*

CHRIST: Blessed are the Peacemakers.

DEBS: Do you think so?

CHRIST: If the World hate you, you know
That it hated me before it hated you.
If they persecuted me they will also perse-
cute you—
But all these things they will do unto you
For my name's sake because they know not
Him that sent me.
If I had not come and spoken they had not
had sin—
But now they have no cloak for their sin,
They hate both you and the Father that sent
you
For he that hateth me hateth my Father also.

DEBS: Are you Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ, who
was crucified in Jerusalem?

CHRIST: I am he—and crucified not in Jerusalem only
But many times.
And many times sold for pieces of silver.
Not only Judas has kissed me to betray me
But bishops and priests.
Those who pray on the street corners
And shout loudest in the temples
Have put a sword into my hand
And hate in my mouth.
Woe unto them, Hypocrites.
They have defiled the sacred vessels

And cover up their filth with lilies;
Shouting Patriotism—Freedom.
Woe unto them, Pharisees, hypocrites;
Outwardly appearing righteous
But inwardly full of hypocrisy and iniquity.
They say, "If we had been in the days of our
fathers
We would not have been partakers with them
in the blood of the prophets."
Wherefore they be witnesses against them-
selves
That they are the children of them which
killed the prophets—
Serpents, generation of vipers.
O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the
prophets.
Well do I remember that day in Jerusalem.
It was hot and the air shivered against the
white wall of the temple.
The sky came down close and the crowd
sweated in the streets
As they crushed about me crying
"To Pilate. To Pilate—Crucify him, crucify
him."
Pilate sat in his curule chair, the Roman eagle
Carved high on its back, watching the world.
Two slaves sprinkled water and one
Fanned Pilate who coldly waited.
The Roman guard looked insolently on the
mob
Of Jews that pushed and foamed below.
Beside me stood Barabbas, a robber.
At another time he would have been a mark
to show their children,
But now all eyes followed the long finger of
Caiaphas, the High Priest, accusing me;

Around him, Annas and the Elders,
 The men of wealth and authority.
 Caiaphas said, "This man is an agitator,
 A perverter of the people, a stirrer up of
 discontent,
 A blasphemer—He would change our cus-
 toms."
 And when Pilate called the witnesses and
 questioned them
 And me also, and adjudged
 "I find no fault in him,"
 The men of wealth and power shouted,
 "Crucify him, crucify him."
 When again Pilate said
 "I find no fault in him. I will release
 Him to you according to the custom of your
 feast,"
 The High Priest and the Elders, the men
 Of wealth and authority, cried out
 Crucify him, crucify him—Release to us Ba-
 rabbas."
 And the crowd cried
 "Crucify him, crucify him. Release to us
 Barabbas."
 Always, 'Gene, it is the robbers who are re-
 leased,
 Always the mob cries out for its robbers.

DEBS: And you are the Crucified One?

CHRIST: In Jerusalem that day they crucified my body,
 But today they crucify my soul.
 Not every one that saith unto me "Lord, Lord"
 Shall enter my kingdom—but those who do
 The will of my Father as you are doing.
 If you love not the little children
 You are an oppressor—Even as Herod.

Are you an Agitator?
 Are you a perverter of the people?
 Are you a stirrer up of discontent?
 Was not even I the same?
 And the prophets?
 I will call the prophets to be as witnesses before you
 And to testify—Out of discontent cometh redemption.
 Isaiah!

(The Spirit of Isaiah appears.)

ISAIAH: What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces,
 And grind the faces of the poor?
 Ye have eaten up the vineyards,
 The spoil of the poor is in your houses.
 Woe unto them that join house to house
 And lay field to field till there be no place for the poor,
 That they may be placed alone in the land
 And the poor be wasted.
 Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees
 And that write grievousness that they have prescribed,
 To turn the needy from judgment and to take away
 The right from the poor;
 That widows may be their prey and that
 They may rob the fatherless.
 Woe, woe to them that hoard the corn
 And reap down the substance of the poor.
 The lofty city shall be laid low even to the ground,
 He bringeth it to the dust, the foot shall tread it down,

Even the feet of the poor and the steps of the
needy.

(The Spirit of Isaiah vanishes.)

CHRIST: Hosea!

(The Spirit of Hosea appears.)

HOSEA: The people are destroyed for lack of knowl-
edge.

Of their silver and gold they have made
idols,—

They have sown to the wind and they shall
reap to the whirlwind.

(The Spirit of Hosea vanishes.)

CHRIST: Amos.

(The Spirit of Amos appears.)

AMOS: Forasmuch therefore as your trading is upon
the poor

And you take from him his measure of wheat,
Though you have built for yourselves palaces
of hewn stone,

You shall not dwell in them.

Though you have planted pleasant vineyards,
You shall not drink the wine of them.

I know your manifold transgressions,

Your mighty sins—

You afflict the just,

You take a bribe,

You turn aside the poor from their rights,

You seek to put away the evil day

But you cause the seat of violence to come
near.

You lie upon beds of ivory and stretch yourselves
Upon your couches and eat the lambs of the flock
And the calves out of the midst of the stall.
You chant to the sound of the viol
And invent to yourselves instruments of music.
You drink wine in bowls and anoint yourselves with
The chief ointments:
But you are not grieved for the affliction of
your brother;
Therefore now you shall go captive,
With the first of them that go captive,
And the banquet of them that stretched themselves
Shall be removed.

(The Spirit of Amos vanishes.)

CHRIST: Eugene, you are of the prophets
And you shall be stoned for my sake.
But peace I leave with you—
My peace I give unto you.
Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.
Let not your heart be troubled,
Neither let it be afraid.

(The Spirit of Christ vanishes. Debs stands in the moonlight; slowly he lifts his arms and stretches himself so that his arms are outstretched as if on a cross—The cell grows dark.)

EUGENE V. DEBS

BY DOUGLAS ROBSON

This poem was received too late for its proper place in the book. The author is a young Scotchman, miner, steel worker, poet, playwright and producer of plays.

"Why are the people waitin'?" said the brakeman up ahead;

"To see us start, to see us start," the train conductor said;

"What makes you look so gloomy?" said the brakeman up ahead;

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to do," the train conductor said.

"For we're takin' Debs to prison, for sedition, so they say,

He's said good by to home an' friends, he'll soon be on his way,

It's ten long years behind the bars, the price he has to pay

An' we're takin' Debs to prison in the mornin'."

"What makes them cheer so wildly?" said the brakeman up ahead,

"It's Eugene Debs that's drawin' near," the train conductor said;

"What noise is that they're makin'?" said the brakeman up ahead;

"They're singing of the Marseillaise," the train conductor said.

"By courtesy International Song Publishers, Chicago."

“For we’re takin’ Debs to prison an’ we
haven’t long to wait,
The people crowd around him there,
a-standin’ at the gate,
An’ he’s smilin’ there an’ shakin’ hands re-
gardless of his fate,
While we’re takin’ Debs to prison in the
mornin’.”

“In ninety-four I heard him,” said the brakeman
up ahead;

“He organized the railroad men,” the train con-
ductor said;

“The workin’ class all love him,” said the brake-
man up ahead;

“He’s goin’ to prison for them now,” the train
conductor said.

“For we’re takin’ Debs to prison and how
strange it must appear,

That the brakeman an’ conductor an’ the
railroad engineer,

The workin’ men he stood for when the
cause looked dark and drear,

Now are takin’ Debs to prison in the
mornin’.”

“Who’s comin’ down the platform?” said the
brakeman up ahead;

“That’s Eugene Debs, he’s boardin’ now,” the
train conductor said;

“He glanced at me so kindly,” said the brake-
man up ahead;

“‘Good morning BROTHER,’ were his words,”
the train conductor said.

“An’ we’re takin’ Debs to prison an’ we’ve
left the town behind,

We’re takin’ Debs to prison, for the railroad
men are blind,

An’ the damned disgrace is on us for betray-
ing of our kind,

While we’re takin’ Debs to prison in the
mornin’.”

“What’s that that clouds the sunlight?” said the
brakeman up ahead;

“The shadow of a cruel wrong,” the train con-
ductor said;

“What noise is that that follows?” said the
brakeman up ahead;

“The murmur of the workin’ class,” the train
conductor said.

“For we’re takin’ Debs to prison, but the
shadow’s drawin’ nigh,

An’ the voices of the workers ring across the
brooding sky,

An’ the world will have to answer when they
ask the reason why

We are takin’ Debs to prison in the mornin’.”

THE TREATMENT OF DEBS IN PRISON

In August, 1919, the following telegram was sent to President Wilson:

"I beg you for immediate action in the matter of amnesty for Debs, an old man in weakening health, confined fourteen consecutive hours daily in cell in midsummer of southern climate. This means practically death sentence, inflicted upon a man of finest sensibility for indubitably sincere conscientious objection to war. This is causing truly frightful embitterment in entire radical movement. If Debs should be allowed to die in jail, I believe that a peaceable solution of social problem would be impossible in America. Please do not misconstrue this statement, I am appealing to you as a statesman to avoid a calamity which I clearly foresee. I am also appealing to your heart for a man older than yourself, who has won the affectionate regard of millions of the plain people."

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Upon receipt of this message President Wilson referred the matter to the Attorney General, who wired to the warden of Atlanta penitentiary as follows:

"Representations have been made to me that Eugene V. Debs is being confined in a cell for fourteen consecutive hours daily. Is this true? What are the facts?"

A. MITCHELL PALMER, Attorney General.

To this the warden replied:

"Claim that Eugene V. Debs is being confined to cell fourteen consecutive hours daily substantially correct. Letter explaining details mailed you today."

FRED G. ZERBST, Warden.

The warden's letter which followed was a long and detailed explanation of the prison régime. The substance of it was that the United States government had failed to

provide for a sufficient number of guards to take care of the prisoners when outside of their cells. It was a question of either depriving the guards of an eight hour day, or of keeping the prisoners locked up in their cells from five o'clock in the afternoon until seven o'clock the next morning.

"By dividing the guard force into three working shifts of eight hours each, and providing for a sufficient number of guards to make two of these shifts large and one skeleton, instead of one large and two skeleton as at present, much more freedom could be accorded prisoners and many other advantages would accrue therefrom. However, it has never been possible to secure the additional guards necessary for this purpose, altho many efforts in this direction have been made."

The warden went on to explain that Debs was in good health, and got his physical exercise by working in the clothing storeroom of the prison. He had been offered the privilege of an assignment to the hospital, but had refused it.

A copy of the warden's letter and the two telegrams were forwarded to Upton Sinclair by the President, with a letter stating that they were "self-explanatory." In answer the following telegram was sent to the President:

"Your communication received. I assume I may quote it. If not, kindly wire collect. The fact that Debs considers it his duty to refuse concessions and to share treatment of all prisoners does not in any way modify facts set forth in my telegram to you. Debs is a man of conscience, not a criminal. The war is over, the blind angers of war should be allowed to die in the hearts of men. The case of Debs is unquestionably one for executive clemency, and I again appeal to both your heart and your intellect."

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Up to date of writing, fourteen months later, the above message has been left unanswered.

Those who wish further information about Eugene V. Debs and his case are referred to "The Life of Debs" by David Karsner, published by Boni & Liveright, New York, price \$1.50 cloth; paper-bound edition in preparation. Also to a small book, "The Life of Debs" by Louis Kopelin, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas, twenty-five cents. The Appeal also publishes "The Deb's White Book," containing all the documents in the Debs' case. The speech of Debs before the court, many times mentioned in this book, may be obtained from the National Office of the Socialist Party, 220 South Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ills.

The following pages contain advertisements of books by the publisher of "Debs and the Poets."

A Proposition to Reprint the Early Books of Upton Sinclair

All the books written by me from 1901 to 1911 are now out of print and unobtainable. These include "The Jungle," which was translated into seventeen languages and is the best known American novel outside the United States; "Manassas," which Jack London called "the best Civil War book I've read;" "The Industrial Republic," which the Countess of Warwick called the best book on Socialism ever written; "Samuel the Seeker," which Frederik van Eeden, the Dutch writer, considered my best novel; "The Metropolis," and "The Money-changers," which caused a sensation in their day; "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," "Love's Pilgrimage," "Plays of Protest," "The Fasting Cure," etc.

To reprint these books and keep them in stock means a working capital of about \$2,000 per book. I can raise this capital, provided I have an assured market for the books. Therefore, I propose to organize what for convenience I call

the Sinclair Subscribers

I propose to publish three or four books per year. One, and possibly two, will be new books; the rest will be reprints. Each subscriber agrees to take a copy of each book as published, at the price of \$1.20 cloth or sixty cents paper. Each book will be sent with bill, and the subscriber will remit promptly, and notify of any change of address. You may, of course, subscribe to three, or ten, or twenty-five copies of each book, at the quantity rates quoted for "The Brass Check" and "100%." You may withdraw from the arrangement at any time by giving notice. The books published in 1921 will be (1) "The Jungle;" (2) "The Coal War," a new novel, sequel to King Coal;" (3) "The Moneychangers," a story dealing with Wall Street and the panic of 1907; and, probably "The Footbinders," a book on education, companion volume to "The Profits of Religion" and "The Brass Check."

If you care to come in on the above plan, please write me a postcard as follows:

"Enter me as a subscriber, sending one copy of each book, cloth," or "three copies of each book, paper," or whatever it may be that you wish to subscribe for. Give name and full address, write plainly, and mail to Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California.

A New Novel by Upton Sinclair

100%

THE STORY OF A PATRIOT

WOULD you like to go behind the scenes and see the "invisible government" of your country saving you from the Bolsheviks and the Reds? Would you like to meet the secret agents and provocateurs of "Big Business," to know what they look like, how they talk and what they are doing to make the world safe for democracy? Several of these gentlemen have been haunting the home of Upton Sinclair during the past three years and he has had the idea of turning the tables and investigating the investigators. He has put one of them, Peter Gudge by name, into a book, together with Peter's lady-loves, and his wife, and his boss and a whole group of his fellow-agents and their employers.

The hero of this book is a red-blooded, 100% American, a "he-man" and no mollycoddle. He begins with the Mooney case, and goes through half a dozen big cases of which you have heard. His story is a fact-story of America from 1916 to 1920, and will make a bigger sensation than "The Jungle." Albert Rhys Williams, author of "Lenin" and "In the Claws of the German Eagle," read the MS. and wrote:

"This is the first novel of yours that I have read through with real interest. It is your most timely work, and is bound to make a sensation. I venture that you will have even more trouble than you had with 'The Brass Check'—in getting the books printed fast enough."

Single copy, 60c postpaid; three copies, \$1.50; ten copies, \$4.50. By freight or express, collect, 25 copies at 40c per copy; 100 copies at 38c; 500 copies at 36c; 1,000 copies at 35c. Single copy, cloth, \$1.20 postpaid; three copies, \$3.00; ten copies, \$9.00. By freight or express, collect, 25 copies at 80c per copy; 100 copies at 76c; 500 copies at 72c; 1,000 copies at 70c.

UPTON SINCLAIR - Pasadena, California

Who Owns The Press, and Why?

When you read your daily paper, are you reading facts or propaganda? And whose propaganda?

Who furnishes the raw material for your thoughts about life? Is it honest material?

No man can ask more important questions than these; and here for the first time the questions are answered in a book.

THE BRASS CHECK

A Study of American Journalism

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Read the record of this book to August, 1920: Published in February, 1920; first edition, 23,000 paper-bound copies, sold in two weeks. Second edition, 21,000 paper-bound, sold before it could be put to press. Third edition, 15,000, and fourth edition, 12,000, sold. Fifth edition, 15,000, in press. Paper for sixth edition, 110,000, just shipped from the mill. The third and fourth editions are printed on "number one news;" the sixth will be printed on a carload of lightweight brown wrapping paper—all we could get in a hurry.

The first cloth edition, 16,500 copies, all sold; a carload of paper for the second edition, 40,000 copies, has just reached our printer—and so we dare to advertise!

Ninety thousand copies of a book sold in six months—and published by the author, with no advertising, and only a few scattered reviews! What this means is that the American people want to know the truth about their newspapers. They have found the truth in "The Brass Check" and they are calling for it by telegraph. Put these books on your counter, and you will see, as one doctor wrote us—"they melt away like the snow."

From the pastor of the Community Church, New York:

"I am writing to thank you for sending me a copy of your new book, "The Brass Check." Although it arrived only a few days ago, I have already read it through, every word, and have loaned it to one of my colleagues for reading. The book is tremendous. I have never read a more strongly consistent argument or one so formidably buttressed by facts. You have proved your case to the hilt. I again take satisfaction in saluting you not only as a great novelist, but as the ablest pamphleteer in America today. I am already passing around the word in my church and taking orders for the book."—John Haynes Holmes.

448 pages. Single copy, paper, 60c postpaid; three copies, \$1.50; ten copies, \$4.50. Single copy, cloth, \$1.20 postpaid; three copies, \$3.00; ten copies, \$9.00

Address: UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, Cal.

A book which has been absolutely boycotted by the literary reviews of America.

THE PROFITS OF RELIGION

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

A STUDY of Supernaturalism as a Source of Income and a Shield to Privilege; the first examination in any language of institutionalized religion from the economic point of view. "Has the labour as well as the merit of breaking virgin soil," writes Joseph McCabe. The book has had practically no advertising and only two or three reviews in radical publications; yet forty thousand copies have been sold in the first year.

From the Rev. John Haynes Holmes: "I must confess that it has fairly made me writhe to read these pages, not because they are untrue or unfair, but on the contrary, because I know them to be the real facts. I love the church as I love my home, and therefore it is no pleasant experience to be made to face such a story as this which you have told. It had to be done, however, and I am glad you have done it, for my interest in the church, after all, is more or less incidental, whereas my interest in religion is a fundamental thing. . . . Let me repeat again that I feel that you have done us all a service in the writing of this book. Our churches today, like those of ancient Palestine, are the abode of Pharisees and scribes. It is as spiritual and helpful a thing now as it was in Jesus' day for that fact to be revealed."

From Luther Burbank: "No one has ever told 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' more faithfully than Upton Sinclair in 'The Profits of Religion.'"

From Louis Untermeyer: "Let me add my quavering alto to the chorus of applause of 'The Profits of Religion.' It is something more than a book—it is a Work!"

315 pages. Single copy, paper, 60c postpaid; three copies, \$1.50; ten copies, \$4.50. By freight or express, collect, 25 copies at 40c per copy, 100 copies at 38c; 500 copies at 36c; 1,000 copies at 35c. Single copy, cloth, \$1.20 postpaid; three copies, \$3.00; ten copies, \$9.00. By freight or express, collect, 25 copies at 80c per copy; 100 copies at 76c; 500 copies at 72c; 1,000 copies at 70c.

UPTON SINCLAIR

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Pasadena, California

THE JUNGLE

By UPTON SINCLAIR

This novel, first published in 1906, caused an international sensation. It was the best selling book in the United States for a year; also in Great Britain and its colonies. It was translated into seventeen languages, and caused an investigation by President Roosevelt, and action by Congress. The book has been out of print for ten years, and is now reprinted by the author, at a lower price than when first published, although the cost of manufacture has since more than doubled.

I never expected to read a serial. I am reading "The Jungle," and I should be afraid to trust myself to tell how it affects me. It is a great work. I have a feeling that you yourself will be dazed some day by the excitement about it. It is impossible that such a power should not be felt. It is so simple, so true, so tragic and so human. It is so eloquent, and yet so exact. I must restrain myself or you may misunderstand.—*David Graham Phillips.*

In this fearful story the horrors of industrial slavery are as vividly drawn as if by lightning. It marks an epoch in revolutionary literature.—*Eugene V. Debs.*

"Not since Byron awoke one morning to find himself famous has there been such an example of world-wide celebrity won in a day by a book as has come to Upton Sinclair."—*New York Evening World.*

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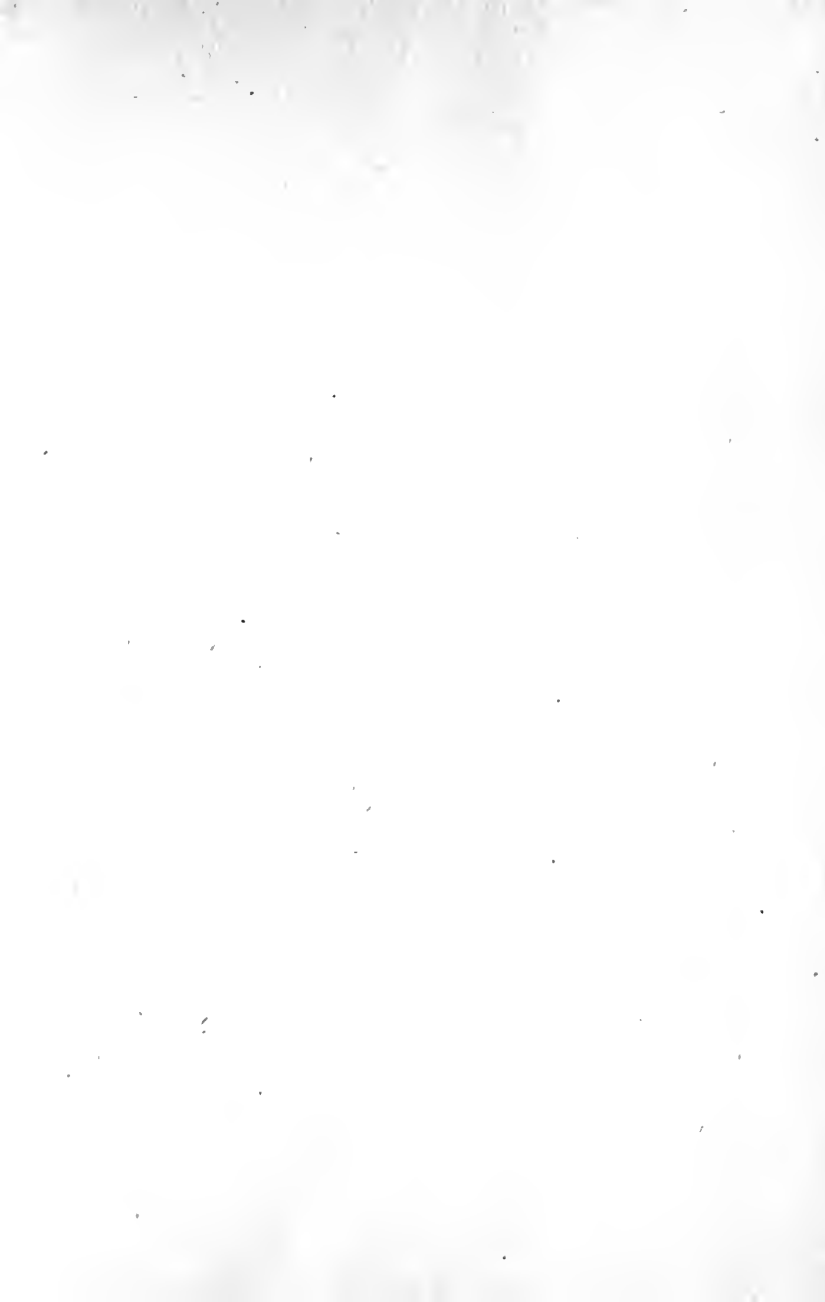
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